



COMMENCEMENT EDITION

JUNE 1917

...THE...
LINCOLNIAN



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS
LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
KANSAS CITY, MO.



Our Future Lies before Us!

In Lincoln High, with pen and ink,
Our happiest days were spent,
The teachers trained our minds to think
And we were all content.

In nineteen thirteen we entered here
Our purpose plain to all,
It was to leave a record clear
In every study hall.

'Tis true, the path was often rough,
And failures seemed the end,
And some would fain have said "enough"
When cares with joys did blend.

For though we oft our tasks would shirk,
As youths we knew no better;
But now, as we begin life's work,
To these tasks we're the debtor.

We shall go away to college,
To a place of learning rare;
To obtain a better knowledge
From the courses offered there.

For our future lies before us,
May it be a pleasant one,
One to make the world respect us,
As our schoolmates here have done.

HAZEL HICKUM.



"We will find a way or make one."



PRINCIPAL J. R. E. LEE

Commencement Calendar



SUNDAY, June 3, 11 a. m.

Annual Sermon at Ebenezer A. M. E. Church; Rev. W. C. Williams preaching sermon.

Monday Evening, June 4th.

Annual Senior Play—"Comedy of Errors."

Tuesday Evening, June 5th.

J. W. Perry Oratorical Prize Contest.

Prizes Given by Mr. J. W. Perry, Pres. S. W. Nat. Bank of Commerce.

Wednesday Evening, June 6th.

Alumni Entertainment and Play.

Thursday afternoon, June 7th.

General Reunion of Graduates. With Special Reference to Classes from 1885 to 1907.

Friday Evening, June 8th.

Commencement in Convention Hall.

CLASS HISTORY

1917 CLASS OFFICERS.

E. H. Bledsoe.....	President
Beatrice Parson.....	Vice President
Helen Brown.....	Secretary
Lucile Pryor.....	Assistant Secretary
Annie Weaver.....	Treasurer

THERE entered Lincoln High School, September, 1913, a band of little, hard working soldiers, 115 in number, who, by our behavior and respect shown our teachers, gained their confidence. We, at first, had many difficulties to encounter; one was, for ever getting our programs mixed up; some would go to their fifth period class when they should have gone to the sixth. Another was that we were abused and called "Freshie" by the upper classes, but this was very soon forgotten because we showed them, by doing and conducting ourselves, that we knew as much, if not more, than they. Our first year we were highly honored by being given the privilege of debating against the Juniors.

It was won by our class "the Freshies," as they had called us. This allowed us to have something on them which they would rather never have happened. Our school work went on as a pleasure, all subjects, even Latin. The only thing that held most of us back was sewing. This is being felt by us now. We here advise all students in the sewing classes to be sure and do all that is required of them. We gave three programs in the Assembly Hall, which were well remembered by all who witnessed them. This year passed away very happily with only a very small number of students dropping from our midst.

Our second year, every one being accustomed to the school had an entirely different feeling towards every other one. We are truly sorry to state that we had to lose for the second year twenty-eight students, leaving eighty-seven which still leaves us a pretty large class. We think Miss Brydie and Mr. Dawley are the cause

of our class losing so many of its mates, because we heard some of them say, "If Latin does not kill us, Caesar will," so to avoid this subject the second year, they refused to come to school.

Well, the rest of us had to hold the fort and keep the good work going on. Our Caesar class was a delight and all who avoided that subject missed a great lesson. We gave a play entitled "The Sweet Family," which was excellently rendered and brought out talent we did not know existed in our class. On and on we plodded to gain the highest mark. Thus our second passed away with much credit to our Sophomore class and with only a few of our classmates dropping out throughout the year.

The third year, we being accustomed to everything, began to feel really at home. We entered for our year's work, feeling very proud indeed, but sorry to say we still had to lose more students, twenty-eight in number, leaving a total of fifty-eight, still holding the fort and doing our duty towards the advancing to higher planes. This year was spent in real hard study and no play. We had to work our brains in the study of Geometry. Oh, my, how hard it was. Physics was a puzzle to be worked out. It was a note book for this and one for that, with the injunction to be sure and write in ink. Just think, perhaps a note book in every line of study and maybe each teacher wishes it at the same time! Oh, my how it worries the brain! The third year was a trying one but it ended peacefully with the one thought that we would soon be Seniors. We gave the annual Juniors' Reception in honor of the Seniors, which was indeed a success. Thus the third year passed like a rain cloud over a blue and calm sky.

The fourth and last year in dear old Lincoln High. We all enrolled September, 1916, with the feeling of sister and brother and this time we felt dearer and closer to our teachers and all connected with Lincoln High. Now this year was spent in an entirely different way. We gave, each month in the Assembly Hall, Senior Rhetoricals, in which each pupil took part, and the beauty of it all was we wrote our own orations from which, all who heard them said they really learned a lesson each time. This not only helped us by strengthening our mental activities but also, as I have just stated, inspired others and taught them things they never did know. We did not lose but five students which left a total of fifty-two, but we had sent into our midst, by some means or another, enough good, worthy students to make our total the same as the third year.

One of these students, Mr. Harold Bledsoe, was made class president, who by his stern integrity gained the confidence of the students who are always glad to cooperate with him. We also gave a Christmas play which was very much appreciated by the audience. Our class has a right to boast because out of no class since we have been in High School has any pupil been given the permanent position of clerk in Lincoln High office. This honor was bestowed upon Miss Helen Brown. Oh, how we do hate to leave dear old Lincoln High School, something that we think we own, to cast our lot in different schools to be treated perhaps not so well, but we must forget about that and think about our old motto:

"We will find a way or make one."

EDNA MAE ROBINSON.

CLASS GIFTONIAN

Now, that our country is on the verge of participating in this world wide war, it is our place to be economic and by saving all we can, help her. Therefore, instead of actually giving a present to each member of the Senior class, we will help the United States by giving them a present in writing, thus, saving unnecessary expense. I have been associated with the members of this class from one to two years and hence, have endeavored to present them with a gift, suited to their individual needs, as a token of friendship and esteem.

Accordingly, I present this pillow to Miss Irene Thomas, the baby of the Senior class, so that she may put it under her head on her desk so that she can sleep better in English literature class.

To Miss Marjorie Bibbs, I present this pair of Indian clubs so that she may use them to an advantage.

To Miss Edna Robinson, I present these hair pins, hoping that she will use them to keep her hair smooth.

To Miss Florence Cosby, I give this diamond ring, hoping that she will wear it with her many others and will let it serve as an engagement ring from O. J.

To Mr. Vassal Talbot, I give this foot-

ball in remembrance of the games that he has starred in and help win for dear old Lincoln.

To Miss Annie Weaver, I present this cook book, hoping that Roland Bruce will be able to digest a pie made according to a recipe found in this book.

To Miss Juanita Campbell, I present this box of face powder in hopes that she will use it instead of borrowing powder from Hazel.

To Miss Doris Wells, I give this book on "Arguments and How to Argue Them."

To Miss Pauline Gilmore, I give this memorandum so she may write in it all the various topics in English literature which she has forgotten.

To Mr. Ishmael Glass, I present this red rose of which he reminds us whenever he blushes.

To Miss Ruth Price, I give this folio of Opera Gems to sing them with thoughts of her schoolmates and her last year.

Upon Mr. Wendell Allen, I bestow this alarm clock in hopes that it will aid him in rising earlier than before.

To Miss Inez Armstead, I give this book of the latest styles so that it will aid her in keeping up with them.

To Mr. Theodore Nix, I present this

book entitled "How to Win the Ladies," knowing that he can use it to his advantage.

To Miss Yvette Jones, I give this pair of castanets to use in her Spanish dances in the future.

To little Miss Hickum, I present this pair of stilts in hopes that she will walk on them in order to make her taller. At least tall enough to come to Emmett's shoulder.

To Mr. James Pryor, I give this sheet of music entitled "Catherine," knowing that he will enjoy playing it upon his violin as it will bring sweet thoughts of ———

To Miss Beulah Smith, I give this pedometer to register the miles she walks from the car line to her home in Westport.

I give this book on "What Becomes of Non-Generous Girls and Boys," to Miss Gladys Jones, knowing she will be interested in it.

To Miss Lucile Pryor, I give these strips of court plaster to seal her lips together so we may be saved from hearing her talk so much.

To Miss Ruth Doniphan, I give this advice, "Not to recite what you don't know."

To Miss Tressie Clark, I present this volume of Shakespeare's plays to remind her of the love she made in one of them.

To Miss Ethel Hawkins, I present this English literature so she may continue reading her favorite (?) study.

To Mr. Henry Monroe, I give these excuse blanks knowing that he might be out of them by this time and that Mr. Ellison might accidentally (?) ask him for an excuse for one of his infrequent (?) absences.

To Miss Ethel Cochrane, I give this article on "Colors that Harmonize."

To Mr. Emmett Gleed, I present this advice, "When You Get a Good Girl Let the Others Alone."

To Miss Daisy Coleman, I give the privilege to be obliging once in a while.

To Miss Helen Brown, I give this season ticket to the Schubert theater in hopes that she will attend every play and thus get her fill of the theater.

To Mrs. Olivia Page, I give this tennis racquet hoping that she will enjoy many games played with it.

To Mr. Ora Bond, I present this book entitled "How to Discipline the Child."

knowing that he can use it in his future school teaching.

To Miss Marguerite Arnold, I give this blue ribbon race horse in order to show her that the fastest the horse can run is about one-half as fast as she can talk.

To Miss Annie Davis, I give this box of crochet cotton and needle in order that she may crochet until she gets tired of it.

To Mr. William Anderson, I present all the girls that he can possibly entertain at one time in hopes that he will afterward be able to rest from the continuous efforts which he has been putting forth entertaining them all year.

To Miss Ethel Ewing, I present a book entitled, "For Land's Sake Make Some Noise."

Upon Mr. Harold Bledsoe, I bestow this hat to take the place of that everlasting derby.

To Miss Vera Patton, I give this song, "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me for When They Don't Mean What They Say?" Hoping that when she sings it she will think of her own habit of flirting.

To Mr. James McLean, I give this stick of dynamite to light under his feet in order to make him move fast for once.

To Miss Roberta Roberts, I give this advice, "To Pay Attention Always."

Upon Mr. Victor Wilburn, I bestow this song entitled, "If You Are Not Cute, Don't Try to Be," knowing that he will love to sing it.

To Miss Marion Strong, I give this book of street car tickets knowing that she can use them all in going to see Beulah.

To Miss Ceola Farley, I give this book on, "How to Overcome Your Rival." Hoping that she can use it in the direction of T. N.

To Miss Lorenza Drake, I give this book of "Kind Thoughts and Deeds for All."

To Mr. Leonard Fields, I give this cornet solo entitled, "Marjorie."

To Mr. Emmett Hughes, I give the right to choose any girl in any class, that is, excepting the Senior class.

To Miss Cecelia Smith, I present this weight to put on her head to keep her from growing taller and perhaps to spread her out some.

To Mr. Garfield Greene, I give this Dromio suit trimmed with bells so that he may wear it as he is our class joker.



SENIOR DEBATING CLUB

To Miss Willa Kimsey, I present this volume of Latin books in hopes that she will pursue her favorite (?) study.

To Miss Edna Dennis, I give this diet hoping she will use it and grow fat.

To Miss Edith Williams, I present this sheet of music hoping that she will enjoy playing it as much as we have enjoyed her playing.

To Miss Charline Edwards, I present this season ticket for all of the Lyric Hall dances in hopes she will soon tire of them.

Although I did not expect a gift, one of my friends insisted that I accept a new

recipe for candy. I guess they are tired of my making fudge all of the time.

Now, that the worrisome and trying burden of presenting these gifts is off my shoulders, I can breathe freely again. And I sincerely hope that every one is pleased, as I have given these written gifts without a feeling of enmity or hatred but with feelings of comradeship and friendliness. So, in this economic distribution we have saved Uncle Sam much and ourselves more, which should please us all.

Economically,

BEATRICE PARSON.

CLASS PROPHECY

Now.

Theodore Nix, star student in no particular subject, but all around good fellow.

Emmett Gleed, tall, slim, and an expert funny bone tickler; star chemistry and English literature man.

Ten Years Hence.

Master Theodorus Nix, member of the Infallible Art Club of Paris, and instructor in art at Edinburgh college.

Hon. E. Frederick Gleed, lawyer, 429-30-31 New York Life building; chief client,

Now.

Vassal Tolbert, athlete and handy man with all studies but gas engine, who is gifted with what he thinks is oratorical ability.

William Irma Anderson, military bear cat and gas engine expert.

Ishmael Glass, economics and literature star, who has a bashful fondness for the fair sex.

Leonard Fields, easy, steady going, with a melodious voice and sweet-toned cornet.

Ora Bond, steady in all studies and timid admirer of the fair sex.

James Dean McLean, fat and slow, but sure in all of his studies and a genuine fine fellow.

James Wendeli Pryor, athlete, cornetist and violinist; noted for his spontaneous outbursts of wisdom in chemistry.

Emmett Hughes, bright scholar and introducer of ancient and long forgotten topics for discussion.

Harold Bledsoe, studious man in all subjects, who divides his time properly between work and pleasure.

Henry Monroe, gas engine man, with an ambition to become a painless tooth extractor.

Garfield Greene, favorite studies are gas engine and English literature; an ardent admirer of the inventor who improves the gas engine.

Miss Helen Brown, bright and studious little school stenographer.

Miss Tressie Clark, star elocutionist and dramatist with astonishing ability to produce hearty laughter or bring tears at will, wit' her wit and humor or melancholy eloquence.

Misses Florence Cosby, Edna Robinson, Annie Weaver, Beatrice Parsons, Yvette Jones, Ruth Perry and Inez Armstead, nimble footed little nymphs of Lincoln High School, whose chief delight it is to see who can perform the most difficult tricks of the dancers' art with the greatest ease and grace.

Miss Hazel Hickum, beautiful little economics student as well as English literature.

Lorenza Drake, quiet little damsel who gives trouble to no teacher.

Irene Thomas, brilliant little musician; very fidgety.

Ten Years Hence.

J. D. Rockefeller.

Mr. V. Tolbert, star tackle for Yale college and invincible catcher for the same college, with a perfect batting average and unexcelled at tackle.

Lieut. Col. W. I. Anderson, officer; trainer of cadets at Wilberforce and commissioned officer in army.

Mr. I. Glass, prosperous merchant in the rising community of Westport.

Mr. L. C. Fields, sole owner and director of Field's Symphony Orchestra.

Prof. O. Bond, principal of Washington High School and author of "A Revised Edition of 'Hamlet's Soliloquy.'"

Jamaux Denaux McLean, author and publisher of a French book, entitled "Through Paris on a Mule."

Maj. J. W. Pryor, soldier and trainer of the "Recruit Band" of the 25th infantry.

Hon. E. L. Hughes, the witty and efficient instructor of the Spanish classes of Lincoln High School.

Prof. E. H. Bledsoe, lecturer, whose main object it is to reform the younger boys of his race.

Dr. W. H. Monroe, dentist, 403-04-05 Scarrit building, Kansas City, Mo.; teeth extracted and replaced by a patented process.

Mr. W. G. Greene, sole owner of W. G. Greene's Auto Factory, inventor of a new and more economical carburetor.

Miss Helen Brown, instructress in short hand and stenography at Lincoln High School.

Miss Tressie Clark, esteemed and efficient teacher of elocution and dramatics at Sumner High School, loved and treasured by her struggling students.

The aforesaid misses will be the joint owners of the far famed school of toe dancing, advertised far and near as follows: "The Rose" School of Toe Dancing. The art of toe dancing is soon to be the rage. Come to us and learn, or send us twelve cents in stamps and we will send you the first lesson by mail. Address us 1210 Main St. Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Hazel Hickum, chief red cross nurse on some remote European battlefield.

Miss Lorenza Drake, palm medium and spiritualist in Chicago, Ill.

Miss Irene Thomas, teacher of piano and violin.

Now.

Ceola Farley, steady in classes, especially economics.

Juanita Campbell, studious child, a very graceful little girl who trips lightly to and fro.

Miss Annie Davis, very studious, steady and sensible; takes life seriously at all times.

Miss Ethel Hawkins, attractive little domestic science expert.

Ten Years Hence.

Miss Ceola Farley, economic teacher of domestic science in Lincoln High School.

Miss Juanita Campbell, competent teacher of all of the latest classical dances.

Miss Anne Davis, directress of girls seminary at Lonesomeville, California.

Miss Ethel Hawkins, matron in a girl's seminary in Vivacious, Rhode Island.

APPRECIATION OF OUR TEACHERS



OUT of appreciation of the teachers of Lincoln High School, who are trying to do the very best in their power to instill some branches of education for the benefit of the Negro race, we the Senior class must express our appreciation. I am not able to cope with or meet the demands of this occasion, but I will do the very best I can. I beg, dear teachers, that you will look over my mistakes, for I know in this, there are many, but I am trying to tell you, the doors swing outward and in every zephyr that blows, the silent message of appreciation is wafted back to you. Students of the Senior class, we would be remiss should we not wish our dear, kind principal, Prof. J. R. Lee, success amid the meandering of his future life, and let it be our prayers that he will do as much for the girl and boy of tomorrow as he has done for us. As we are not able to leave you a token of our esteem, friend-

ship and love, we can show you our appreciation by doing for the girl and boy of tomorrow, what you have done for the girl and boy of today. Permit the Senior class to thank you in our humble way for the many weary and toilsome hours you have spent in trying to teach us different sciences, and dear teachers, we shall write on memory's page for each one of you our appreciation. Prof. Lee and teachers, you might leave your native homes, cross the broad expanse of the briny deep, go into the old world and royalty would not appreciate you more than the Senior class of 1917. You will pardon me, I have no doubt should I tell you if earth were a sheet of paper and the tall palmetto trees in the sunny south land were pens, the Pacific Ocean were an ink stand, I could not begin to record there on, "Our Appreciation" of you. In conclusion, permit us again to say and speaking from the depths of our hearts, we thank you.

Rise on, oh, dear old Lincoln
 What ever may betide,
 Not under a nation's pity,
 But mid a nation's pride.
 The dear teachers clambering,
 Brightest shall be and best,
 You rise by the work of our dear teachers.
 Each one a royal guest.
 Lincoln ere will I love you,
 From out of our dear teachers' work,
 Angels have heard your story
 And God will welcome you forth.

TRESSIE CLARK.



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY



CLASS PLAYS.

At Christmas time the Senior Class presented two short plays one entitled "The True Spirit of Christmas," and the other, "Christmas Influence." Both plays were well rendered. Mr. Nix made an ideal old man and Miss Brown an ideal mother. All of the characters did exceptionally well. The cast of characters was as follows:

TRIALS OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Mrs. Barton	Helen Brown
Mr. Barton	Garfield Greene
Miss Edith Barton	Edna Robinson
Grandma Barton	Florence Cosby
Mrs. Montague	Doris Wells
Marie (the maid)	Roberta Roberts
Dennis (the porter)	Emmett Gleed
Nora (the cook)	Beatrice Barton

CHRISTMAS INFLUENCE.

Miser	Theodore Nix
Benie	Marguerite Arnold
Lottie	Ruth Baber
Fairies.	
Joy	Beatrice Parson
Peace	Yvette Jones
Unselfishness	Inez Armstead
Love	Annie Weaver
Hope	Ruth Perry

The class is now preparing to give another play, on class night, entitled, "Comedy of Errors." Through the help of our splendid dramatic teacher, Miss Carolyn Brydie, I think it also will be a success.

The following synopsis of the play is taken from McSpadden:

I.

Aegeon, a merchant of Syracuse, is condemned to death, in default of ransom, by the Duke of Ephesus, for bringing traffic into the Ephesian port. Being requested by the Duke to give the cause of his visit to a hostile city, the prisoner states that he is on a quest for missing members of his family. Some years before twin sons had been born to him and his wife, Amelia. At "that very hour and in the self same inn" a poorer woman was also delivered of twin sons, which Aegeon had bought

and brought up to attend his boys. Shortly afterward the party had suffered shipwreck on a voyage to their Syracusan home. All had been rescued, but the husband was parted from his wife; and the twin sons and attendants were separated from their respective counterparts. Aegeon, with his younger sons and servant, had been conveyed to Syracuse, where for eighteen years they dwelt without tidings of the other three. Finally Antipholus, his son, now well grown, had set forth in search of them, while Aegeon renewed his own quest. During seven years father and son had heard nothing of each other nor of the rest. All this Aegeon tells the Duke in explanation of his wanderings. Touched by the narrative, the Duke gives him further respite of a day in which to seek ransom.

Unknown to his father, Antipholus of Syracuse, and his servant, Dromio, are even then visiting in Ephesus. Furthermore it so chances that his brother, whom he has not found and who is known as Antipholus of Ephesus, resides there in high favor with the Duke and wedded Adriana, a woman of rank. Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for his master and delivers a message from Adriana to the effect that dinner is awaiting him.

II.

The servant having fled home beaten for his pains, Adriana herself arrives and persuades him to come to dinner with her; Dromio of Syracuse is put on guard at the gate with instructions to deny admittance to visitors during the repast.

III.

The real husband presently arrives at his door and is greatly astonished and incensed to find it barred against him; but is persuaded to retire to public house and bide his time. Meanwhile the false husband stoutly maintains that there is a mistake, and makes fair speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, rather than to Adriana herself. The two Dromios are suffering most of all from the comedy of errors, being continually confused, sent on the wrong

errands and getting beatings for their pains.

IV.

The muddle of identities grows constantly more perplexing for both masters and servants. Tradesmen confuse the two Antipholuses. A gold chain made for the Ephesian is bestowed upon the Syracusan, and the Ephesian is arrested for refusing to pay the debt. The Syracusan and his servant believe themselves bewitched and prepare for speedy departure.

V.

They are forced to take refuge in a priory from the misguided merchants and Adriana. The abbess protects them. At this juncture the Duke arrives in company with officers conducting Aegeon to his execution. Adriana demands from the Duke the custody of her husband, whom she believes to be demented and now sequestered in the priory. Charge and counter-charge are made by conflicting witnesses until the joint appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios unravels the snarl. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled with his wife. Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with her sister, Luciana. The old Aegeon is pardoned and to the pleasure of

greeting both his sons is added the delight of finding in the person of the Abbess his long lost wife Aemilia, while the two Dromios in the joy meeting forget their woes and blows.

The play will be presented by the following cast:

Solinus (Duke of Ephesus).....	Harold Bledsoe
Antipholus of Ephesus	Ora Bond
Antipholus of Syracuse	Emmett Glead
Dromio of Ephesus	Annie Weaver
Dromio of Syracuse	Florence Cosby
Aegeon (a merchant of Syracuse)	
.....	Theodore Nix
Dr. Pinch	Vassal Tolbert
Balthazar	Garfield Greene
Angelo	Ishmael Glass
First Merchant	Henry Monroe
Second Merchant	William Anderson
The Abbess	Inez Armstead
Adriana (wife of Antipholus of Ephe-	
sus)	Tressie Clark
Luciana (her sister)	Edna Robinson
Luce	Ruth Doniphan
Lesbia	Roberta Roberts
Officer	Leonard Fields
Guards—	
Jas. Pryor, Jas. McLean, Emmett Hughes	
Nuns and Soldiers.	



THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

We give to you Juniors, the new buildings that are to be completed by the opening of the next school term, and wish you all success.

Our dear teachers we give the Junior class.

We will to you all, the dear little friends that come for their evening meals to the lockers every night.

The Senior class gives to the Juniors

their old seats in the Assembly Hall, and they feel that your hearts overflow with joy at the thought of becoming number ones instead of number twos.

All of the old books of the Seniors, we give to the classy Juniors, especially the old famous English literature.

The Senior girls will to the Junior girls, the lunch room, wishing them much success in their work.

Farewell, Juniors!

Farewell, most noble Juniors,
We hate to leave you so,
But a higher station calls us
From the petty things below.

We've finished our foundation,
Composed of well spent days,
And may we erect thereon
A house that none can raze.

There's something to learn at every turn,
Something you do not know;
There's something to hear with an open
ear
That will make you wiser grow.

Let not the trifles of the world
Deprive you of your time;
But utilize the whole of it
And make your mark sublime.

We hope to see you all erect
A safe and sturdy wall;
That those who climb after you
Will not be apt to fall.

We've done our best in all our tasks
But a few mistakes we've made
Follow our paths in these four years past
And see what men and women you'll be.

Finally and again we say, "Farewell,"
While hearts of friendship glow,
And pray that success be with each one
Wherever we may go.

—DORIS WELLS.



THE CLASS OF '17



C. D.—Chief Delight. A. I. L.—Aim in Life. F. E.—Favorite Expression.



HAROLD BLEDSOE, Class President.



BEATRICE PARSON, Vice-President.

F. E.—Oh, murder.
A. I. L.—To be a little girl forever.
C. D.—Reading books and eating candy.

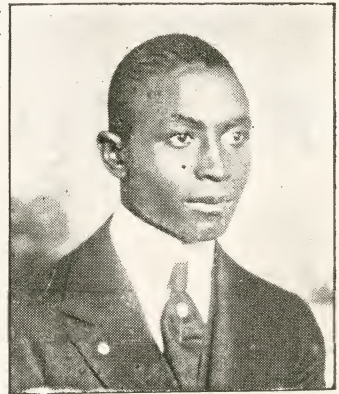
F. E.—I declare.
A. I. L.—To be a great orator.
C. D.—Arguing.



HELEN BROWN, Ass't. Clerk in Office, Sec'y.

F. E.—For crim-i-nee sake.
A. I. L.—To become a football champion.
C. D.—Talking to Catherine.

F. E.—Oh, my.
A. I. L.—To own an automobile.
C. D.—Eating candy.



JAMES PRYOR, Business Manager, Lincolnian.



ANNIE WEAVER, Treasurer.

F. E.—Ain't it so.
A. I. L.—To become a great dancer.
C. D.—Talking.

F. E.—Oh, my goodness.
A. I. L.—To teach Domestic Science.
C. D.—Giggling.



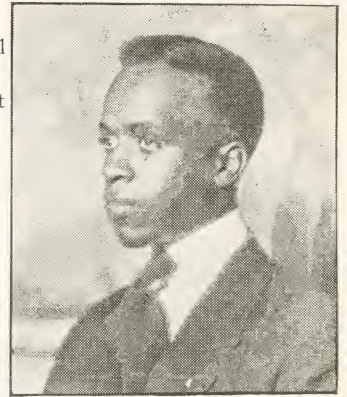
LUCILE PRYOR, Sec'y and Associate Editor.



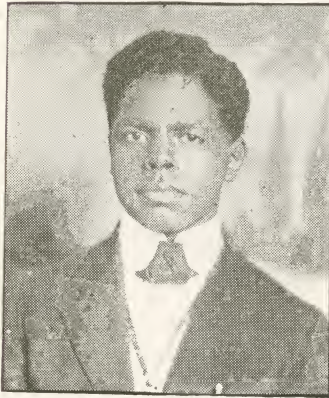
CHARLINE EDWARDS.

F. E.—Well.
A. I. L.—To become a rural
school teacher.
C. D.—Wearing short
coats.

F. E.—Nothing different.
A. I. L.—To be a Poro hair
dresser.
C. D.—Going to shows.



ORA BOND, Editor-in-Chief
of Lincolnian.



JAMES McLEAN.
Business Mgr. Lincolnian

F. E.—Oh, shoot.
A. I. L.—To have a music
studio.
C. D.—Going to theaters

F. E.—Well, I can't help it.
A. I. L.—To marry G. H.
in June.
C. D.—Singing soprano in
a male quartette.



MARJORIE BIBBS.



DAISY COLEMAN.

F. E.—Isn't that pretty.
A. I. L.—To be our Melba.
C. D.—Talking to the boys

F. E.—Naw, now.
A. I. L.—To take life easy.
C. D.—Laughing.



RUTH PRICE.



PAULINE GILMORE.

F. E.—That's a shame.
A. I. L.—To take a Cottage
Course.
C. D.—Attending Church
services.

F. E.—Aw——.
A. I. L.—To get enough
rest.
C. D.—Being pleasant.



DORIS WELLS.



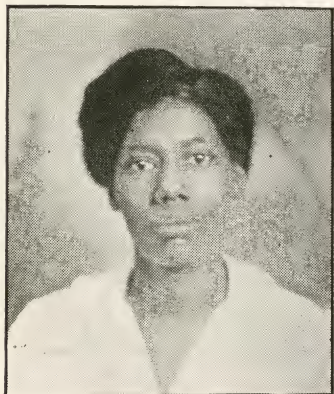
MARION STRONG.

F. E.—Yes, child.
A. I. L.—To marry H. W.
C. D.—Houskeeping.

F. E.—Oh, hush.
A. I. L.—To win Mr. So
and So.
C. D.—Sitting down.



BEATRICE BASTON.



ANNIE DAVIS.

F. E.—Well.
A. I. L.—To get married.
C. D.—To be neat.

F. E.—Edna.
A. I. L.—To travel.
C. D.—Blushing.



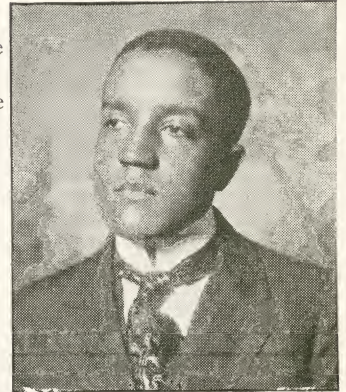
ISHMAEL GLASS.



TRESSIE CLARK.

F. E.—Who, Lawd.
A. I. L.—To master the
cornet.
C. D.—Asking about the
ladies.

F. E.—Hey, big sis.
A. I. L.—To be a dramatic
actress.
C. D.—Staying out of
school.



LEONARD FIELDS.



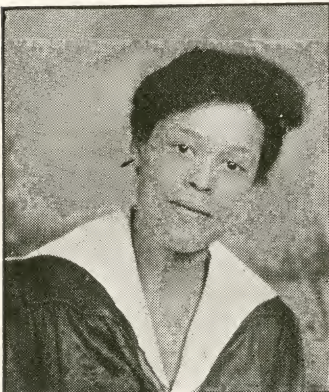
ETHEL HAWKINS.

F. E.—Aw, go on.
A. I. L.—To wear good
clothes.
C. D.—To carry news.

F. E.—Naw—aw.
A. I. L.—To be a kinder-
garten teacher.
C. D.—Entertaining L. W.



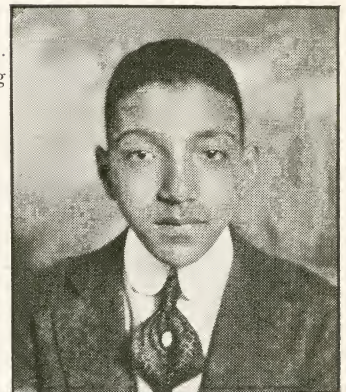
FLORENCE COSBY.



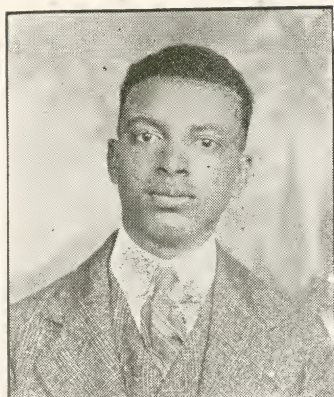
BEULAH SMITH.

F. E.—Dog gone it.
A. I. L.—To be a lawyer.
C. D.—Bluffing and acting
cute.

F. E.—Ain't it so.
A. I. L.—To be strictly
English.
C. D.—Joking.



EMMETT GLEED.



EMMETT HUGHES.

F. E.—Search me.
A. I. L.—To be agreeable.
C. D.—Pleasing Mr. T. N.



CEOLA FARLEY.

F. E.—How do I know.
A. I. L.—To get a girl.
C. D.—Grinning.



GLADYS JONES.

F. E.—Aw.
A. I. L.—To be somebody's
baby.
C. D.—Playing the piano.



IRENE THOMAS.

F. E.—I wouldn't say that.
C. D.—Singing.
A. I. L.—To "smyle" forever.



EDNA ROBINSON.

F. E.—Nothin' else.
A. I. L.—To look pretty.
C. D.—Pleasing Richard
and entertaining Goldie.



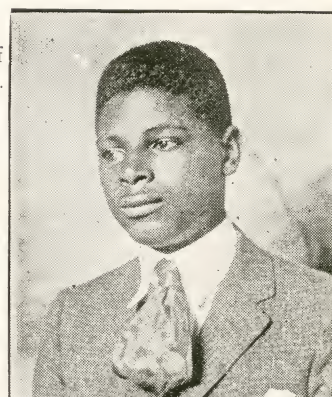
INEZ ARMSTEAD.

F. E.—Oh, sugar.
A. I. L.—To become Mrs.
I. G.
C. D.—Try to teach I. G.
how to dance.



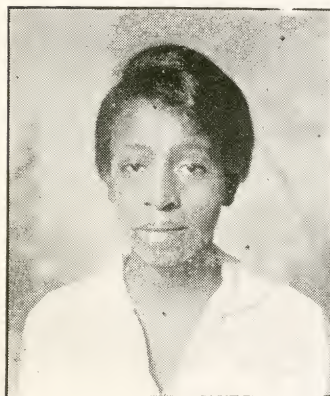
CECELIA SMITH.

F. E.—Rh—a.
A. I. L.—To have a place of
business on Vine street.
C. D.—Trying to flatter.



THEODORE NIX.

F. E.—Oh, pshaw.
A. I. L.—To boss.
C. D.—Studying.



EDNA DENNIS.

F. E.—Isn't anything different.
A. I. L.—To become a Domestic Science Teacher.
C. D.—Playing the piano.



EDITH WILLIAMS.

F. E.—Naw, naw.
A. I. L.—Get enough sleep.
C. D.—To dance with Earl Foot.



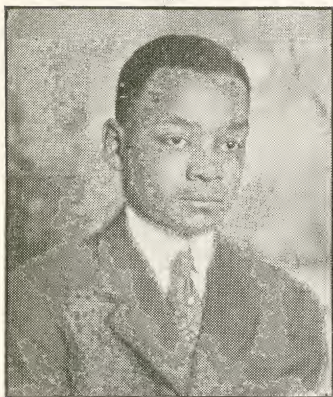
(Mrs.) OLIVIA PAGE.

F. E.—Naw, you ain't.
A. I. L.—To be a reporter.
C. D.—Playing.



LORENZO DRAKE.

F. E.—Is that so.
A. I. L.—To be a good tennis player.
C. D.—Dancing.



IRMA ANDERSON.

F. E.—Tee Hee.
A. I. L.—To win T. N.
C. D.—Trying to dance.

F. E.—Haw, Haw.
A. I. L.—To interest the
ladies.
C. D.—Teasing.



ROBERTA ROBERTS.



WILLA KIMSEY.

F. E.—It's immaterial to
me.
A. I. L.—To wear short
dresses.
C. D.—Kicking high.

F. E.—Nothing else.
A. I. L.—To be a caterer.
C. D.—Eating.



RUTH PERRY.



HAZEL HICKUM.

F. E.—Oh, you know.
A. I. L.—To be punctual
and faithful.
C. D.—Stalling.

F. E.—Now, ain't chew
talkin'.
A. I. L.—To teach kinder-
garden (preferably her
own).
C. D.—Dreaming in the day
time.



RUTH DONIPHAN.



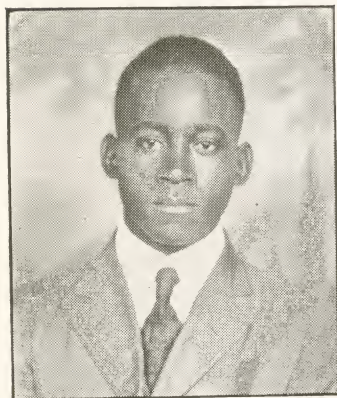
ETHEL EWING.

F. E.—He's got 'em.
A. I. L.—To be a Prima Donna.
C. D.—Enjoying life.



VERA PATTON.

F. E.—No—o—o.
A. I. L.—To become a Mrs. in June.
C. D.—Talking to Felix.



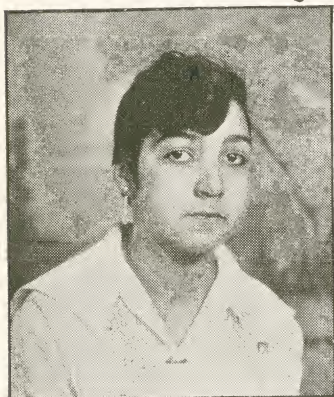
VASSEL TOLBERT.

F. E.—Oh, child.
A. L.—To look cute.
C. D.—Talking to the gentlemen.



JAUNITA CAMPBELL.

F. E.—Take it from me.
A. I. L.—To be a baseball star.
C. D.—Discussing spontaneous combustion.



YVETTE JONES.

F. E.—Oh, shoot.
A. I. L.—To become a Domestic Science Teacher.
C. D.—Cooking.



ETHEL COCHRAN.

F. E.—Hello kiddo.
A. I. L.—To flirt.
C. D.—Having a good time.



MARGUERITE ARNOLD.

F. E.—H'm yes.

A. I. L.—To travel some
sweet day.

C. D.—Sitting down.



GARFIELD GREEN.

F. E.—Dang bust it.

A. I. L.—To be a comedian.

C. D.—Acting the clown.

No Photo

HENRY MONROE.

F. E.—Dang bust my top-
lights.

A. I. L.—To be a dentist.

C. D.—Oh, dear me—imi-
tating?

No Photo

LINCOLNIAN STAFF.



Ora Bond.....Editor-in-Chief

Lucile Pryor Beatrice Parson
.....Associate EditorsJas McLean Jas. Pryor
.....Business Managers

THE PERRY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Mr. J. W. Perry, president of the South-west National Bank of Commerce, has offered two prizes, one of ten dollars, and the other of five, to the students, who shall best acquit themselves in an oratorical contest, which will occur during Commencement week.

Forty-two students gave their names to write in the contest, but only twenty-eight wrote. These twenty-eight were given numbers so that the judges would not know the individual to whom the papers belong, and in this way no partiality could be shown.

The judges were to select the best fifteen and eliminate the other thirteen.

The judges reported that all the papers were good.

It happened that there were eight Seniors and seven Juniors, eight girls and seven boys. They were: Hazel Hickum, Beatrice Parson, Marguerite Arnold, Doris Wells, Bertha Maddox, Edna Robinson, Willa Kimsey, Edward Fladger, Harry Roberson, Neal Herriford, Felix Goodwin, Emmett Gleed, Melvin Tolson, Ruth Redd, Beatrice Baston.

There is to be a preliminary hearing before other judges the 24th, and all but eight will be eliminated. From this eight will be chosen the two best. The Lincolnian wishes success to all, and that those who are not chosen will not be discouraged but will be inspired to try again.

EDITOR.



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL CADETS

MILITARY TRAINING

Last year our principal thought that it would be a great thing to start military training in our High School among our boys. He was able to get a few boys interested and also was able to get an instructor who had been in the army and knew all about military training, namely, Dr. Bruce. He was strong, straight and erect, and was a good example for all the boys. Dr. Bruce had a great deal of patience with the boys whom he succeeded in getting interested. The boys got a great deal from him in the little time they had last year.

Since the beginning of the school year, September 5, 1916, we were fortunate enough to get Major N. Clarke Smith in our High School as our music teacher. He being an officer in the army, we were able to have military training again. There were more boys that took interest in this training this term than there were last year. We drilled this year just as we did last year in our building under great difficulty due to the fact that we did not have a gymnasium in our school. The drills were three times a week, the other two days, music. At the beginning of the

year we organized two large companies; company A and company B. The officers who were picked out of the companies were the boys who were best in drilling and the boys who carried themselves well. The officers were all supposed to be juniors or Seniors.

Some of our boys became discouraged and wanted to stop, but were encouraged by Major Smith and their officers, who told them of different things that they could do after they had learned to drill well. For a while during warm weather we were no longer able to drill out side, our school ground, at the north side of the buildings, but after the weather changed we were no longer able to drill outside. The principal then, after looking around and talking of crowded conditions, got the consent of Mr. DeFrantz, our great Y. M. C. A. leader, to let the boys take their military training in the gymnasium of the new Y. M. C. A. We appreciated this very much. Then we were given a new officer, Sergeant Weeks, who is another straight and erect soldier and a very fine man. He was given to us by the Board of Education. He, too, drilled us three

times a week. Although a white man, he treated us just as well as he did the boys of his own race. We were all pleased with him.

Lieutenant R. C. Baird, the supervisor of this military training, sent notice to our principal telling him of the color and kind of uniform that we were supposed to wear, which was cadet blue, as most of you have already seen us in. We had a little difficulty in securing our suits, but

through the goodness of our principal we secured them and received guns that were furnished by the government. We were not long learning to use the guns. We learned several sets of exercises with these guns which in military training are known as Butts Manual. So, after all, the boys were glad that they stuck with the training. I hope that the boys next year will have as much success as the boys had this year.

LIEUT. WILLIAM IRMA ANDERSON.

THE USE OF WAR

LOOKING back upon the mysterious history of the human race, we see that Providence has made use of fearful revolutions as the means of sweeping away the abuses of ages and of bringing mankind to its present improvement. Frightful cataclysms have marked the ending of the old and the beginning of the new. The signs of the times have abundantly intimated to the thoughtful that we are approaching such an era.

Life is an eternal struggle between the right and wrong; a conflict between good and evil. The regeneration of the race must ever be worked out through earnest and desperate struggle. The cause of humanity has always to wrestle with foes. All improvement is a victory won by struggle. It is especially true of those great periods which have been distinguished by revolutions in government and religion and from which we date the most rapid movement of the human mind that they have signalized by conflict. Thus the birth of Christianity convulsed the world and it grew up amid storm and stress. The reformation of Luther was a signal to universal war, and liberty over all the world has encountered opposition over which she has triumphed only through her own irrepressible energies. We are agreed that war is deplorable, horrible, terrible in every way and at all times and the more civilized and advanced the nations involved, the more brutal it seems to be.

Whatever a nation's reluctance to war,

however progressive ideas and ideals may be, that all else must be tried before arms are resorted to, failing all else, honor, national and individual, may require this supreme arbitrament, and leave no other course to follow. In other words, when treaties, signatures and promises have no further binding force in the process of living side by side, must not life itself be put up as the stake? When a half dozen men light in a moment the fires of war throughout the world, causing Europe to bristle with bayonets, convulsing all civilized nations, sweeping earth and sea with an armed host, spreading desolation through field, and bankruptcy through cities, and making themselves felt through some form of suffering throughout every household in Christendom, what is there left but war? And in such cases, where nations and individuals are staking their lives for a principle and throwing into the balance their all and making their utmost sacrifice for their ideals, the word war is enobled and though grim as ever in aspect, bears on its physiognomy the stern imprint of a sacrifice to duty and to a higher and inscrutable destiny. All will depend upon the motive. As in all else the decision between a right war and a wrong war will lie as to whether it was selfish or unselfish in origin; whether it was aggressive or defensive in purpose, whether it arose from a desire to get and to have, or to defend and uphold.

When the motive leading to war has been clearly a right motive, and not one of aggrandizement or rapacity at the expense of others; when it has been prompt-

ed by a desire for the stout maintenance of treaties and principles of civilized life, or has arisen in defense of one's own or other's legitimate interests and boundaries; whatever the subsequent horrors and trials of war, the combatants can in no way feel dishonored or degraded, but instead quite the reverse, by their participation in what may be naturally repugnant—as all the lower passions are to their higher and better self.

As civilization stands today, composed in the main of average citizens, and men of peaceful and productive occupations, who is there who individually wants to fight and—be it noted—amid the most awful controversies that the refined ingenuity of the modern scientist and mechanic can devise?

One is almost sorry for the dullness of certain pacifists and theory cranks who go about bleating about how savage men are and how wicked it is to fight—who uphold the value of sitting around a big green covered table with a tumbler and bottle of water, indulging in a fine flow of academic talk as the panacea and solution of all international problems, even when treaties have been torn up and hostile armies are pillaging and plundering their neighbors who trusted in the protection of a "scrap of paper." No one wants to fight, not even Von Bernhardt or the fire-eating Kaiser himself—with his clique of misguided Prussians in uniform. Certainly no sane hard-working, industrious German of the more intelligent classes, could have faced, with equanimity the idea of a war against his best customers, had it not been for the lure carefully nurtured and ingrained throughout the country for the last forty years that "Deutschland" was after all "uber alles" and that the Germans were predestined from on high to be a chosen race, and could by stealthy preparation, one day seize all for themselves, occupy "a place in the sun" and become arbiters of Europe and the world.

This acute form of "swollen head" produced by degrees that required state of mental perversion which has since the outbreak characterized the German attitude in word and deed, and has revealed the abyss that lies between them and all civilized nations. All the forces and demons of evil under various alluring

masks have been rising to the surface and encroaching upon the circle of men's lives. Power was everything; money was everything; material prosperity, intellectual pride, comfort, luxury, physical wellbeing—these were the ideals alike for men as for nations. All that represented spirituality, all the ideals that spring from love and altruism—these were all very well in themselves as theories or hobbies, but immensely impractical in actual, positive life.

So the powers who for the everlasting salvation of mankind preside over the destinies of mortals, in their compassionate wisdom saw that the struggle must come; precept and warning had been of no avail. Messengers bearing their words had passed unheeded. All that could be done had been done, we may be sure, to avert so great a catastrophe bringing untold pain and suffering to millions of men and their families. But at last the inscrutable purposes of destiny had to take their course and in the breaking up of forms the soul will grow and have new birth. While the world of matter is undergoing upheaval, principles will take on a fuller meaning and spirit set free will endow all men with the inspiration of a better life. This is why the war with all its horrors has its use. What was evil in humanity had to come to a head and all that represented the working of the powers of Darkness had to be faced and met on the road of Life at this particular mile stone and be fought and defeated by the powers of Light for the good and future of humanity.

Consider for a moment our own Civil war. Who is there among us who will say that it was a useless shedding of blood? The time had come when the shackles of slavery had to be broken. Persuasion, propaganda by Abolitionists in the form of speeches and writings which aroused the sympathy of the civilized world; morality, Christianity itself were alike powerless to move a people who perverted that same Christianity and using it as a shield defied the world. What was the final remedy? Armed force in which the South was compelled to place as a sacrifice upon the altar of war the flower of its manhood, its material prosperity and everything which made life worth living for them. But it had to be, when once the preservation of the Union and the free-

ing of the slaves could be accomplished in no other way. Who will say the struggle was not worth it? Will the Russian people call this a useless war when in the twinkling of an eye it has brought about reforms which in their optimistic moments the people could hardly conceive possible in less than a generation? What else but this war could have toppled from his throne a monarch who considered himself their ruler by the "grace of God" and "divine right?" Could have delivered the Jews from an age old oppression more frightful than that of the American Negro? What else could have abolished grog from England, vodka from Russia and absinthe from France, those mighty millstones around the neck of a nation? Even the much fought suffrage question has come within the domain of practical politics to a greater degree and in a far more agreeable manner than the most ardent suffragette leaders could have dared anticipate before August, 1914. Not in England alone, but in all the countries, women have done and are doing so much in so many ways that are useful and vital that their claims not only can not in future be put aside, but are even now being consolidated and made sure of taking a suitable place in the future energies of a nation's life. And the war will be worth much to human beings in many other ways when Time, the great Healer, allows of balanced reflection and calm introspection of events that today we can only observe in part and in their most terrible aspects.

How many prejudices and anachronistic ideas that have grown into empty habits of mind are in the course of being shattered and crumbled up as obsolete? Which one of them can ever again lay stress on the distinction of race and race, of color and color, of religion and religion, when East and West, North and South, nation and nation, colony and motherland, have fought, suffered and sacrificed side by side for the common cause? In proportion as Eastern nation or African colonies have given of their best to assist the mother country with the same liberality and loyalty with which Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders, who are closer to them by race, have come forward to help in every way, so have they earned the right to every consideration and a debt of grati-

tude will entitle them to fair treatment in all that may constitute their legitimate aspirations in the future, and may this also be true of the Negro. His unswerving loyalty to the country of his birth with the memory of wrongs, oppressions and injustices heavy upon him, bespeak a nature richly endowed with high ideals, and we can not doubt that out of this war will come acknowledgements and appreciation which shall be manifested in justice and equity for us.

Above all this struggle, this present horrible infliction of pain, loss, anguish and death on millions of people and their families, the stout hope must grow up in us that this great upheaval will renew all standards of life and ideas of what fundamental society and national existence are based upon; that it must and will lead to a simpler condition of existence and a more natural and less complex way of living, and that out of the burning fire of these present trials humanity as a whole will emerge chastened and purified and readier in the calm that follows storm to hear the still small voice of the Spirit.

It is early to foreshadow the conclusion or the outcome of this world-wide war, but calamity, nor trial ever comes without producing ultimate good and serving the purpose of the All-Wise.

Mighty powers are at work in the world; who can stay them? God's word has gone forth and it shall not return to him void. A new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all men's relations to the common Father—this is among the signs of our times. We see it. Can we not feel it? Society, silently pervaded by this, is to change its aspect of universal warfare for peace. The power of selfishness, all grasping and seemingly invincible, is to yield to this divine energy. The song of angels—"On earth peace," will not always sound as fiction, for what is the highest secret of victory and peace? "To will what God wills, and strike a league with destiny." Much will have to be rebuilt when the war is over; much thought out again in the light of all that has happened. And new generations will profit by the lessons learned and the sacrifices made and the lives laid down by those of the present day. To those whose business it is to bear and

bring up a new and better humanity our
augury is:
"Come peace! Not like a mourner bowed

For honor lost and dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud
With eyes that tell of triumphs tasted."
EMMETT F. GLEED.



STEERING COMMITTEE OF LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL.

It is a significant fact that the citizens of this community are becoming so interested in Lincoln High School and in every movement for the betterment of its work that a body of our most representative men, have been willing to second the efforts of our principal and organized themselves into what is known as a Steering Committee.

This committee has started its work with zest and enthusiasm, and has already en-

deared itself to every boy and girl connected with the school. Two months ago they assumed the responsibility of a thousand dollars, which sum was needed to purchase uniforms for our cadets. As a result, all our boys are now in uniform, and the inspiring spectacle they present when on parade must make every member of that committee feel that their sacrifice of time and funds was justified.

Three cheers for the men who have begun to steer with so masterful a hand!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis-boom-bah,
Steering Committee. Rah! Rah! Rah!

A BIG TIN CAN.

(With apologies to Robert Burns.)

O, my Ford's like a big tin can,
That's newly made in June;
O, my Ford's like the big brass band
That's played so out of tune.

As slow art thou, my rocky Ford,
So deep in debt am I,
That I will hate thee still, my Ford,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Ford,
And your tires melt wi' the sun;
I will hate thee still, my rocky Ford,
As long as thou shalt run.

And fare thee weel, my rocky Ford,
And fare thee weel, awhile;
For I will not come back, you junk,
Tho' it were just half a mile.

BUNKER BEAN, '16.

A PARODY.

There's a little bit of bad in every good
little Ford

They're not to blame,
Every Ford must bounce a little bit,
Because they're all the same;
I know a one-lung flier

That shakes like a nervous liver.
There's a little bit of bad in every good
little Ford,
They're all the same.

BUNKER BEAN, '16.

I've served the Lincolnian for many a
year

With the class of nineteen-sixteen,
Some have sailed far away, but I've one
year to stay,

So stop, look and listen, I'm still Bunk-
er Bean.

BUNKER BEAN, '16.

RETROSPECTION

ms. 217.39

When the wild winds swept from the sterile north,
Pouring all of their long-held violence forth,
'Tis there that I can have my soul's delight

Musing before I go to bed at night.
Thinking of days and times in the past
Before my hair was whitened by the blast
Of many winters; and my soul was free
As any wand'ring wind on land or sea,
As free as any being of the air,
Living on high where all is of the fair.

The bright red flames, which make one feel so good,
Burn bright and brighter, calling for more wood;

The gloomy shadows flicker on the walls,
The broken branch against the gable falls,
E'er rousing one from out his reverie
As a strong wind rouses a placid sea;
The dozing cat becomes more still and then

I feel lonely and more lonely within.
Fain would I lift me from this humble strand

And view again a land that was my land

In the fair days of the long, long ago,
Ah, if I might in retrospection show
The glories and the beauties of that shore,
Which lies within the shadowy days of yore.

I soon become a little boy again
Wand'ring o'er vale and hill. In the small glen

Playing the parts of warriors gone long since

Into a clime to gain their recompense.
Battling against the enemy with huge swords

Fashioned from father's brandnew fencing boards;

Nor giving o'er, when night pursuing day,
Makes it so dark no light is left for play;
Striving to win the field at any cost,
Until my mother, thinking I am lost,
Comes with wild cries of direful punishment,

Then the combatting forces break—content.

Each disappearing in the shades of night,
I'm left alone to face my awful doom;
Bracing myself, but bent by the full might
Of mother's potent hand, I'm guarded home.

Brought home to suffer agony—brought home

To be shut in a dark imp-haunted room,
Which fills my soul with preternatural fears,

Which cause my eyes to inundate with tears.

O if I might escape this chamber bare!
O how I feel the rising of each hair!

You demons, wafting them adown the air,
Drive me into the shadows of despair!
And now I see the demon known as Death,
Descending to bereave me of my breath;
And now I see the devil with his host,
Ascending from the regions of the lost.

O ruler of the clime of Gloominess,
Canst thou list to the moanings of the soul?

Why dost thou stand thy heart o'ercome with bliss,

While I sink into regions bleak and cold?

I start out of my chair, my hair on ends,
Haunted by the wild spectre of my sins;
And find my hand too near the angry stove,

Which tells me in its sign language to move.

The dozing cat awakened by my cry,
Stretching himself, lets out a lifeless sigh;
Seeing his master in a fit of pain,
He looks askant and falls asleep again.

There stands the little school house on the hill,

Hard by bubbles a limpid mountain rill;
O'er-shadowing stream and hut a giant oak
Spreads its huge branches, while a verdant cloak

Of deepest green arrays the mighty king
And timid song birds light thereon to sing.
The sylvan logs, plastered with yellow clay,
Bake in the rays of the great prince of day;

The regal master stands within the door
Cudgel in hand, while rustic swains implore

Forgiveness for a jest unskillful done.

Like a great cloud shrouding the potent
sun,

So the old master's visage clouds with
wrath;

Woe be to him who cross'd that monarch's
path!

Fast does the rod descend, wild cries of
pain

Are heard above the shuffle and the din;
The master's wrath is broken like a

storm,
The frightened swains are now full safe
from harm,

Old David's adage has been fulfilled well,
Many a back burns like the fires of hell!

Now, take a peep into the master's room,
Where many a rural swain has met his
doom.

It is a grotesque place, though cleanly
kept—

'Twas by the pedagogue most thoroughly
swept

On yesterday after his wards were gone
And the worthy was left to muse alone.

An ancient organ in one corner stands,
'Tis played upon by all the rural hands;

The home-made seats, backless, uncouth
and hard,

Contain the cream of all the village hoard;
The master, skilled in pranks of idle minds,

Is watching for the smallest bit of signs.
Slyly he glances o'er his brass-rimmed
glass

To catch some stealthy movement ere it
pass.

Hear yon gaunt youth reading of Caesar's
fall

Stumbling and falling o'er assertions tall;
Hear the commanding voice, the master's
hands

Pound the old desk till it rocks where it
stands.

Hear the low snicker of some stripling
bold

Unable to restrain a laughing soul;
See the good master look the culprit down,

See the wrong-doer's nerve sink to the
ground;

The threatening rod is lifted toward the
sky.

And thank Jehovah, it remains on high!
The humming of those studying with full
minds

Impress the master as trustworthy signs.

Oft have I felt the weight of that large
hand,

Oft have I trembled 'neath the piercing
scan

Of the all-potent master, whose stern rule
Was tyranny within the little school.

—MELVIN TOLSON.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

GAS ENGINE DEPARTMENT.

Many of the great universities of the United States which heretofore have lain stress solely upon higher education, are now freely introducing special courses of instruction both vocational and non-vocational.

There is great need of specialized courses which lead to occupations outside of law, medicine and theology, thereby providing the masses a better opportunity for a wider usefulness to themselves and others. This fact has been well recognized by the school authorities of Lincoln High School, and is being brought into practical account in its departments of applied sciences and manual arts.

The course is one of two years.

The work begins in the blacksmith shop, where the student learns the classes and kinds of materials that should be used in different parts of machinery, and how to forge them.

Machine shop work follows. Here the student is taught how to finish materials for machinery and do finish work. Then we begin with gas engine machinery. All the parts are learned with their functions, the assembling of the parts or the setting up of the engine, great care being taken with the ignition system.

On the completion of the course the student is able to be first aid man, thus enabling him to execute a practical knowledge of machinery.



BOYS AT WORK ON OUR NEW SHOP

OPPORTUNITY FOR INDUSTRIAL TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The industrial training which is being introduced in our high schools is a great advantage to boys and girls for two reasons: First, many like industrial subjects better than literary subjects, and they will remain in school longer if these subjects are taught to them. Second, many boys and girls have to leave school early and would get better positions and better wages if they knew some trade.

For these two reasons our school board has started the construction of a number of buildings for vocational training in our high schools, just as has been done in other parts of the city.

One of the most recent interest is masonry, which deals with cement work, brick laying and mortar mixing. Five weeks ago thirty boys under the instruction of Mr. Galliard, began this course of masonry. During the first few days we received instruction how to mix mortar, how to build a flue, to start a wall, and how to bring up a corner.

At the beginning of the third week we

started on our building, which is 51 feet front and 49 feet deep, and has five walls. The wall on the north is 49 feet long and 23 feet high and 12 inches wide; number of bricks, 15,866. The wall on the east is 49 feet deep, 23 feet high, 12 inches wide; number of bricks, 5,455. The number of bricks in these walls is 54,638, of which there are two kinds—common and vitrified brick. The vitrified brick cost \$20 a thousand and the common \$10 a thousand. It cost \$15 a thousand to lay vitrified and \$6 a thousand to lay the common brick.

The opportunity for the boys to do this work will not only save the taxpayers of the city, but also give us a chance to get an education in a trade that will enable us to make good wages when we have finished.

THEODORE RICKETTS.

SEWING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the large number of girls this year there are two teachers for the sewing department—Miss Hingston and Miss Baker. With two teachers so willing to assist the students in any way possible,

each pupil began her year's work with new zeal and determination to accomplish all of the requirements.

The aim of this line of work in the school is to teach the girls the importance of economics; the amount of money to be spent for clothing in relation to the allowance, the becomingness of the garment to the wearer, the quality and durability of the material out of which the garments are to be made, and the appropriateness of dress. In case some are able to have their clothes made, sewing teaches the girls just how to select the best kind of material for a certain garment, and how to calculate the cost of making in addition to the price of material.

Each student is required to spend one 50-minute period each day five times a week. In the first year a pupil makes a suit of under garments, a night gown and a gingham dress. The second year the pupil makes a tailored shirt waist, a thin wash dress and a wash suit and wool skirt or a wool suit and a wash skirt. The special students complete the two years' work before going on to more advanced work. They spend two or three periods a day in the sewing room.

Domestic art in the school for girls is a great benefit to them in character building. It makes them industrious, neat and economical. As the student understands and applies the rules of domestic art she becomes more careful in clothing herself. She is careful to select clothes that look well on her and to be sure that they are always neat and clean. She either has the ambition to make her own clothes or at least wishes to know something of the making. In domestic art she learns how to buy and she is sure to pay no more for a garment or for the material than is necessary. She will not spend more for her clothing than her allowance permits.

F. WILSON.

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

In considering the many departments we have in our school, one of the most prominent departments is the Domestic Science Department, under the management of Miss Bessie M. Morris.

We have a very nice kitchen and dining room, with all the required equipment. The

students of domestic science have three periods every day for cooking. Miss Morris teaches them the practical and economical way of cooking.

In addition to this we have another large feature which is a lunch room, under the management of the Senior girls. The girls cook and serve the meals. They are divided into several groups, of which one group is to report on duty every week until we have completed the number of weeks required.

At the end of each week the group makes an account of everything that was spent and taken in, each person understanding how much was spent and how much cleared. Miss Morris oversees the work and makes it very pleasant for us.

We as students of the domestic science department thank Miss Morris for her interest taken in us, and the suggestions that she gave us, many of which we can work out and make use of in our homes, where they are greatly needed. E. W.ms.

THE CARPENTER SHOP.

We could hardly allow this year's annual to go to press without mentioning some of the great work that has been carried on in our carpenter shop under the direction of Mr. C. R. Westmoreland. We are not only turning out good carpenters but finished cabinet makers as well. We have a well equipped shop, consisting of six turning lathes, a circular saw and a band saw. These machines enable the boys to turn out their work much quicker than if they had it all to do by hand.

Some of the boys work on articles for the school shop, such as step ladders and stools, chairs and tables for the lunch room, and others make all kinds of useful furniture for their own use. Several of the boys have made very pretty library tables and others china closets and book-cases.

These articles cost the boys just about one-third of what they would have to pay for them in the furniture store. Of course they pay the wholesale price of the wood only.

One does not realize how many little useful articles can be made on the turning lathes, such as mallets, card trays, powder boxes, rolling pins and gavels.

We think that if our boys can do as

well as they do with the equipment they have, they certainly will make a great showing as soon as our new shops are open.

OUR COMMUNITY MEETINGS.

The students, parents and friends of the two Kansas Cities have enjoyed for the past two years the monthly community meetings which were held the third Sunday of every month in the auditorium of Lincoln High School. The first meeting was held September 17. The principal speaker of the meeting was Judge Porterfield. There were also many distinguished guests present. Among them was Mrs. Porterfield who also addressed the audience.

The second meeting was held October 15. The speaker being our ex-Mayor Beardsley; the auditorium was well crowded. All enjoyed this meeting.

The third meeting was held November 19. This day was given over to the Board of Education. We heard many splendid addresses. This meeting was well attended. The fourth meeting was held December 24, which was a very splendid meeting. We were honored with the pleasure of hearing the president of the largest banking institution in Kansas City, Mr. J. W. Perry. He told us many good things and one of our faults, which was the lack of saving. He gave a straight forward talk. All agreed that his visit was inspiring.

The fifth meeting was held January 21, this meeting being held especially for the Federation of Colored Charities. One of the best reports made at this meeting was made by one of our ex-teachers, Mrs. H. O. Cook. At the close of the meeting a large oil painting of our Prof. Grisham was unveiled, of which the audience was very proud. The sixth meeting was held February 18. This being health day, a health program was rendered. Fifteen doctors were present and we heard many good talks. We were also honored with a solo, "Believe," by one of our Senior girls, Gladys Jones.

The seventh meeting was held March 17. Mayor George Edwards made a short talk, which was very pleasing to the audience.

Mrs. Edwards also made some splendid remarks.

The eighth meeting was held April 15. This day was set apart for the Federated Clubs, which had a splendid meeting. These clubs have done much for the community in which they were organized.

The last meeting was held May 20, which was a splendid meeting. These meetings have been well attended. We will miss these meetings during the summer vacation, but will be ready to render our best service at the first of next year's meetings, beginning in September. These meetings have been very helpful and inspiring to the communities and people of Kansas City.

BEULAH SMITH.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

For many years the women of our city have longed for the formation of a Young Women's Christian Association, and will be glad to know that a beginning is being made among the girls of Lincoln High School.

On February 16 the Y. W. C. A. Club was organized after several talks from ladies of the committee who were interested, including Miss Pinyon, Mrs. McCampbell, Miss Jones and Mrs. Cook. Its object is the making of better young women, both physically, mentally and spiritually.

Since this organization was to be for the girls, they were permitted to choose their leaders and the following were chosen as officers:

President—Cecelia Smith.

Vice President—Helen Wheeler.

Secretary—Christine Davis.

Chairman Membership Committee—Doris Wells.

Chairman Social Service Committee—Bernice Page.

Chairman Social Entertainment Committee—Rose Everett.

Chairman Program Committee—Lillie Campbell.

The following women assisted each of the committees:

Miss Hingston and Mrs. Bigby, membership committee; Mrs. Cook, social service committee; Miss Mack and Miss Morris,



THE Y. W. C. A.

social entertainment committee, and Miss Jones and Miss Venerable, program committee.

The meetings are held at 3 o'clock p. m. on Tuesdays of every week. Each week a different committee takes charge of the meeting. The dues are 1 cent a week per member.

At the social entertainment meeting we entertain ourselves with games and marching until we are called to the lunch room for refreshments by the girls of the committee.

At the social service meeting we sew articles of clothing for needy children. While we are sewing we are entertained by stories from some of the members and teachers. On one of these meeting days instead of doing our usual sewing, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Bigby took us to the city hospital to see some of the children that we are sewing for. We enjoyed the visit very much.

On program day we listen to splendid programs rendered chiefly by different members of the club.

The membership day is devoted to the securing of new members, and frequently we have a spelling match on this day. The last four or five girls remaining the longest on the floor receive small prizes. The winners of the prizes for the first spelling match were Ethel Manas, Christine Davis, Doris Wells, Roberta Roberts and Caroline Dudley. The winners of the prizes for the second spelling match were Cecelia Smith, Ogden Higbee, Gaynell Mason and Helen Wheeler.

Our greatest fault is that so many like to attend the pleasure program but do not like to help sew or assist in taking part on the program days. We hope to overcome this fault. However, the Y. W. C. A. of Lincoln High School is making great progress and we hope that in a few years our organization will be greatly increased and that we shall have a Y. W. C. A. building in this city. We feel that the work rests mainly with us girls to make it a success.

HELEN WHEELER.



THE THRIFT CLUB

AT the beginning of the school year 1916, Prof. Lee the principal of Lincoln High School, was very anxious to establish some plan that would create a spirit of thrift and a habit of saving among the students. So after a careful study with the teachers over the matter, he organized what is known as the Lincoln High School Thrift Club.

The object to be attained was two-fold: First, to develop the practice of saving, and second, to give the students an experience in modern banking methods. In order to accomplish this, it was arranged to have the students do the greater part of the work of operating the club and to have the members of the faculty exercise only a general supervision over the club's activities.

Two students were elected, one from each of the upper classes, to serve as cashiers, and a directing committee consisting of one student from each of the four classes of the school. Three mem-

bers of the faculty were appointed to go over the accounts of the club each week.

The following officers were chosen for the first term of the school year:

Mr. George S. Ellison, Faculty Cashier.

Miss Heien, Brown, Student Cashier.

Mr. Edward Fladger, Student Cashier.

The members of the Directing Committee, were:

Mr. T. B. Steward, Chairman.

Miss N. E. Venerable and Mr. Jackson of the Faculty.

Mr. James McLean of Senior class.

Mr. Harry Roberson of Junior class.

Miss Roma Tutt of Sophomore class.

Miss Lilly Campbell of Freshman class.

For convenience, a corner located on the third floor was chosen for the office of the club. This corner is arranged as nearly as possible like a bank. It is closed all around with a small window in front, through which the depositors make their deposits to the cashiers who are behind the bars.

The banking hours are from 8:15 to 8:45 each morning during the school week. The

depositors may deposit as small or as large amounts as they desire. Each depositor is supplied with a pass book and when he reaches the amount of \$5.00 his account is transferred to an account in the Missouri Savings Bank, a bank that is designated by the school board for all the school funds, to be kept at the rate of three per cent interest.

No depositor is allowed to make any withdrawals until the close of each school year from his account in the bank, unless it becomes necessary for him to disconnect himself from the school before the close of the year.

The success of the Thrift Club for the first half year exceeded the expectations of all of those who were interested in its promotion and every one was well pleased with the officers.

In order to give as many of the students as possible the training in modern banking practice, the student officers were

changed for the second term and a new set was chosen, as follows:

Mr. Ora Bond, Cashier.

Miss Helen Wheeler, Assistant Cashier.

The members of the Directing Committee were:

Miss Cecelia Smith of Senior class.

Mr. Earl Winfry of the Junior class.

Mr. E. B. Perry of the Sophomore class.

Miss Anna Mae Gates of the Freshman class.

The club has done exceedingly well this year. The following summary will give you a brief idea of what we have saved during the year.

Total amount deposited up to date, \$650; total number of depositors up to date, 260. We hope to do still better next year.

Instead of having 260 depositors, we are going to put forth every effort to make every one of our students become depositors of this club, and at the end of the year be better able to meet their obligations.

EDWARD FLADGER.

President Class, '18.

OUR TREATS

When the doors of dear old Lincoln swung open for the thirty-second time to admit its eager student body, they also admitted several of our most prominent citizens. These came to greet us, and on our first assembly of the year gave us some valuable advice.

It seems that our first gave us a start for next in line was our own artist, Mr. Bell. Mr. Bell spoke and also drew several sketches which delighted us all. Mr. Bell, as you know, painted two of the pictures which grace our assembly hall.

On Friday, October 7, Lawyer Harrison gave us a very interesting talk. Lawyer Harrison is of Oklahoma and is noted there for his earnest fight against the "Jim Crow" question which arose in the courts of his state. We hope that Mr. Harrison will return and talk to us again.

Then, on the day when the adults were stirred up over the presidential election, we were entertained by six of our most distinguished seniors. As it was election day the seniors gave a debate instead of the regular rhetorical, and after Mr. Good-

win, Greene and Glead had tried to convince Mr. Monroe, Bond and Talbot that Mr. Wilson should remain president, the judge awarded the debate to the affirmative. A great deal of eloquence was displayed on both sides and every one left feeling like really, truly voters.

Partly the cause of the fire and feeling of the debate was due to the visit which had been paid us by Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett of Chicago, who addressed us in an inspiring and eloquent manner. Mrs. Barnett is a voter and therefore loves politics.

So far we had had lectures on every thing except health, so Dr. Unthank delivered on December 8 a fine address on that subject which we appreciated very much.

Among the many that have visited us this year Rev. Sheafe has won first place in our hearts by his sweet singing. For during the first week of the new year Rev. Lewis Sheafe of Los Angeles, Cal., visited us. Rev. Sheafe is an evangelist and lecturer and talked to us about "Play-

ing the Game Fair." Rev. Sheafe also gave us some very beautiful vocal selections which were appreciated by all. When he left us we earnestly hoped he would visit us again.

On Friday, December 15, a few of the sophomore and freshman girls exhibited some of their physical training. They did splendidly and we felt very proud of them.

First in our hearts, among the home town ministers, is Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of the Allen Chapel, who visited us on Friday, January 19. Rev. Thomas based his talk upon "Education for Efficiency." We hope he will visit us again in the near future.

Rev. Bailey on Friday, February 19, took time from the series of lectures that he was giving here in our city to visit our school, and of course gave us a lecture. His talk was very interesting, as it was based on the Bible, and we sincerely invite him to visit us again.

We had a rare treat indeed on Friday, February 2, through the generosity of the Parent Teachers' Association, for they secured Mr. Seumas McManus, an Irish poet, humorist and story teller of renown, to entertain us for an hour. We are indeed grateful to the Parent-Teachers' Association and we appreciated the recital very, very much.

Mr. Sheafe again honored us by another visit. This time his wife accompanied him and assisted him in his singing at the piano.

On the morning of February 14 Rev. Waite gave the student body a talk and then gave the boys a lecture on "Clean Sports, Clean Spirit and Clean Habits."

Among the many good things which came to us in February was a visit from Assistant Superintendent Markley, who brought with him Captain Lewis. Captain Lewis is an admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and based his talk upon him, and as he talked he rapidly drew sketches to illustrate his talk. We regretted it very much when he finished his talk, and desire him to visit us again.

On March 1 Principal Frank Williams of the St. Louis Sumner High School gave us two very inspiring talks.

Dr. Edwin T. Lee, son of our principal, honored us with a visit on the afternoon of March 9.

On Friday, March 23, we students

were called from our sixth period class to listen to an address by Rev. Burris Jenkins, pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Christian church. He is one of Kansas City's greatest patriotic men, and addressed us on the present war crisis. He presented us with an American flag which we greatly appreciate, and we hope he will visit us again.

Rev. J. C. Owens addressed us on Friday, April 6, at our assembly hour and gave us a very interesting talk.

Lincoln High School had a patriotic meeting Monday, April 2. We were honored by the presence of several veterans who gave us interesting talks.

The old belief that a good beginning makes a bad ending has not proven true in relation to the many treats we have had this year, for although we had a fine start in these, we had a better ending, for Dr. Vass of Raleigh, N. C., closed the treats for this year. Dr. Vass is a religious lecturer and therefore talked upon the Bible. His talk was very interesting and although he was very busy, we insisted that he visit us again, which he did.

Now, as school draws to a close and we look back over these talks we are deeply grateful to those who talked to us in such instructive way and those who will be here next year look forward to more of the treats, and those who will not, look back on these with pleasure and regret that we will not have the privilege of hearing more.

B. PARSONS.

DEBATE.

Probably one of the most interesting features of this year's rhetorical has been the debates. They not only have created intense interest and a spirit of rivalry between the students who participated in them, but they have stimulated the desire on the part of the other students to take part in them and get on the stage and talk, where as before they could not be begged or coaxed to take a part in the other exercises.

Debating is an education within itself. It gives one a chance to develop his own thought—something that the ordinary student never does. It give you a chance to see just how well you can reason. Then as I have said before, it develops the speaking power of the student and helps

to cut out this stage fright that so many of our students have.

We have had a number of debates this winter, but three stand out as most prominent. First we had the debate on the presidential election; the question was: "Resolved, that Hughes should be elected President of the United States." There were three boys on each side of this question, three saying Hughes should be elected and the other three saying Wilson.

The boys who took part in this debate were Felix Goodwin, Henry Monroe, Ora Bond, Vassal Talbot, Garfield Green and Emmett F. Glead.

We wish to say, however, that the boys who took the Wilson side of the argument did so merely for the sake of argument because they were not really Wilson men at heart. This debate created great excitement and on election day, the day the debate was held, the walls of old Lincoln rang with enthusiasm. The arguments presented were good on both sides.

After the debate a straw election was held which Hughes unanimously won, but the judges gave the decision to the Wilson boys on points. The debate was also well attended by the public.

The next big debate was one between two boys and two girls. The question was: "Resolved, that the American Negro should colonize." Those who debated were, affirmative, Mrs. Page and Ethel Cochran, and negative, E. H. Bledsoe and Emmett Glead. We had no judges in this debate but we left the decision to the public.

This debate was very exciting and created much interest throughout the school.

The third and last debate was between two girls on the question of, "Resolved, that the Southern Negro should migrate North." This debate created much excitement for two reasons, first, because both of the girls presented their points well and second, because both girls were extremely nice looking.

We think that these debates have not only been of great value to the students of this year, but will be an inspiration to students for years to come.

AUTO-INTOXICATION.

While traveling Overland, I met an old Abbott by the name of Ailen. I told him I

was an American. He called me Apperson because I had Auburn hair.

While talking with the Abbott, the Bell rang, and Brewster, the butler, brought in a Case of Cameron's Peerless ale, extra Cole, Colonial style.

I was next introduced to Miss Columbia Cuninghame, daughter of Mr. Chandler Cuninghame, a wealthy Detroit.

A few minutes later I received a Despatch from Drexel, stating that my wife, Dorris, and daughter, Geneva, were coming after me. Being out of alimony, I sounded a retreat. Then I had to Dodge around the corner, Dart up the alley and Ford the Hudson in order to get away.

About a week later, I met Ben Franklin. He proposed a Glide up Riverside Drive. I couldn't de-Kline, so we sailed away.

While passing the Grant tomb a Great Eagle swooped down upon us. Franklin pulled out his razor and wanted to Hack-ett but I said, "Give the bird its Liberty."

I took the Inter-State to Connecticut and stopped at Harvard. While visiting there I met a nut who said he was Jackson Jeffery Jones King of Kent.

He said he was of Saxon descent. I told him that accounted for his Regal air.

Leaving Harvard, I roamed in a Roamer over to Lenox, Mass. Mr. Laurel was the Pilot.

I left Lenox and ran over to Texington. I stopped there long enough to hear a big-amist Case in Judge Ross Madison's court.

Mercer McFarlan was accused by his wife, Reo the Fifth of being married to Velie Mitchell, a famous Singer at the Scripps-Booth Cafe.

Reo declared that McFarlan was a Marmon of inter-National fame. She said she first Metz him on a Moline Knight, when there was Moore Moon shining than Sun. He swore his love was stronger than the iron-clad Monitor. Reo also stated his love had such an Owen-Magnetic touch that when Cupid, love's little Pathfinder, pierced her heart with a Pierce Arrow, there was nothing else to do but capitulate.

I found this mush stuff too mushy and too much, so I left Texington. I went through the White Mountains and over the Westcott Hills.

Tired of wandering I set out for home. Throwing all fliver-folk aside, I settled down in a big Locomobile limousine and woke up the next morn in old K. C.

BUNKER BEAN, '16.



OFFICERS OF THE JUNIOR CLUB

THE JUNIOR CLUB.

The Junior Club was organized at the beginning of the school year. Edward Fladger was elected as president, Helen Clasley, vice president; Harry Roberson, secretary, and Mr. Ellison as treasurer. At the semi-annual election there was a unanimous vote to keep these same officers on account of their good service. So far there has been only one change in the staff and that was because of the death of our faithful classmate and vice president, Miss Helen Clasley. Mr. Felix Goodwin succeeded her.

Very few of the Juniors took part in the club, but those who did take part in it were ever ready to do something for its good and uplift, even though it was self-sacrificing. These few faithful members learned this lesson, "It is team work that counts." Our president always tells us to stick together and we will come out at the big end of the horn, as it were.

On account of pecuniary conditions the Junior Club has gotten along with very few social affairs. We expect, however,

to entertain the Seniors, as the Juniors usually do each year.

Working under difficulties we have always tried to aim high in all our undertakings.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

BERNICE PAIGE, Reporter.

SCPHCMORE CLUB.

The Sophomore Club was organized Thursday afternoon, Sept. 21, 1916. Miss Anna Jones was elected as supervisor. The following pupils were elected officers for the first half term,

President—Lola Smith.

Vice President—Clarence Porter.

Secretary—Ethel Manos.

Chairman of Social Committee—Anna Moore.

Chairman Program Committee—Rose Everette.

Class Reporter—Eugene Perry.

The joining fees were 5 cents, dues 1 cents. It was decided that the



OFFICERS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLUB

club should meet twice a month, on Thursday. During the first half term the officers did their duty and on Thursday, Jan. 29, 1917, the club was reorganized for the second half term. The following officers were elected.

President—Lola Smith.

Vice President—Mabel Chouteau.

Secretary—Edra Williams.

Assistant Secretary—Julia Glover.

Chairman Program Committee—Henrietta Hawkins.

Chairman of Social Committee—Anna Moore.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Melvin Greene.

Class Reporter—William Webb.

On February 15, 1917, there was a patriotic meeting at which Mr. Steward had a short address on "What I Saw of the Negro Soldiers and Their Officers." During the time the club was organized there were several members dropped out, two of whom departed to a better land, viz: Joseph Walls and Truette Logan. The club has had business meetings throughout the term and there have also been programs which were very interesting. The officers this year have worked their best

and the Sophomore Club thanks them for their services. The club has progressed nicely under the leadership of Miss Jones and the re-elected president. We hope to see all of the Sophomores back next year as Juniors.

WILLENE WEBB,
Class Reporter.

FRESHMAN CLUB .

The Freshman Club was organized in the month of September, 1916, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Pittman. Jesse Emery was elected president; Roberta Chinn, vice president; Fannie Reeves, secretary; Mr. A. B. Pittman, treasurer, and Lillie Campbell, class reporter.

For the second term new officers were elected. Theresa Coleman as president, Roberta Chinn, vice president; Ruth Price, secretary; Mr. A. B. Pittman, treasurer, and Lillie Campbell, class reporter.

The club members have been very prompt about paying their club dues and attending the club meetings Monday afternoon of each week.

In October the Freshman Club gave a masquerade party at Armory Hall. The



OFFICERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLUB

class was preparing to give a play before Christmas, but was not allowed to do so until the members became Juniors. Some of the Freshman girls have been appointed to different positions in the school organizations, and among them are found some of the best workers in the physical training classes. The Freshman boys have taken very active part on the baseball and football teams; some of them also belong to the school band.

Altogether the class has enjoyed its first year in the high school very much and now feels itself so affiliated with the institution that all of the members are looking forward to their second year as Sophomores.

LILLIE CAMPBELL,

Class Reporter.

L. U. B. P. CLUB.

The L. U. B. P. Club was organized in October, 1916. The following officers were elected:

President—Amos Chandler.

Vice President—Olive Sanderson.

Secretary—John Smith.

These officers held office the first term.

The second term Roma Tutt was elected president, Rose Everett, vice president; Edra William, secretary.

Mabel Chotean was elected chairman of the program committee the first term and was re-elected the second term.

The club appointed Miss Jones critic.

We have splendid meetings and the members of the club are interested in debates.

These were several of our debates:

"Resolved, That Negroes Should Fight for America."

"Resolved, That Fire Is More Destructive Than Water."

Opinion was most always evenly divided.

The purpose of our club is to prepare us to speak when we became Juniors and Seniors. Also to speak in public.

THE SILVER LEAF CLUB.

Because of the various embarrassments caused by bad control of grammar, stage frights and other things, the Silver Leaf Club was organized September 29,

1916, under the direction of Miss Venerable, but each person was able to say a thing and stick to it. It was this that made the debates so good.

After a few debates we had some miscellaneous programs.

One of the chief pleasures of the club was the songs that were played so well by Ruth Washington through each half term.

Each member of the club hopes that we all may be united again next year, and the good results of the Silver Leaf Club will continue.

ANNA MAE GATES,

Reporter.

THE PREPAREDNESS LITERARY CLUB

Through the help of Miss Venerable and these officers the club progressed rapidly.

The programs on a whole were very good for the first half term. The members were willing to do their duty, for this was proved by the willingness to sing when hoarse, to speak when ill, and volunteering when substitutes were needed.

January, 1917, new officers were elected. At this meeting the new officers gave addresses to the members of the club. We were very sorry indeed that a change in class prevented us from keeping with us our president, Clarence Bradford, but not having had him very long as a president we were able to bear the disappointment. We all knew, however, that the club had lost one of its best members. This, however, was soon forgotten by the good work of our new president, Irene Robinson. At this time Missouria Bailey, Alberta Davis, George Williams and Jessie Everett were elected secretary, assistant secretary, sergeant-at-arms and chairman of the program committee, respectively. Ellen Hoard was elected vice president.

The first program rendered under the direction of these officers was a George Washington program. There were papers on Washington's home life, Washington's boyhood, Washington as a soldier, Washington as a president, and the death of Washington. There were two poems recited at this program.

Our next two programs were exceptionally good. Then, after hearing so many debates at the rhetorical given by the Juniors and Seniors, we thought that we would like to have some also. All of our debaters were good, considering that this is the first time we have had them.

Perhaps we were not quite as eloquent as the Seniors, nor were we able to use the airs and graces that they use so com-

fortably, but each person was able to say a thing and stick to it. It was this that made the debates so good.

The object of this organization was to prepare the Sophomores of that class for their Junior literary work.

The following officers were elected:

President—Essie Mitchell.

Vice President—Andrew Smith.

Secretary—Raymond Williams.

Assistant Secretary—Harriet Taylor.

Chaperon—Miss N. E. Venerable.

Reporter—Roy Grant.

Assistant Reporter—Susie Davis.

The second set of officers who were elected at the beginning of the second term were:

President—Helen Lamb.

Vice President—Neosha Bibbs.

Secretary—Helen White.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Howard Miller.

Class Reporter—Raymond Williams.

At the beginning of this term Helen Lamb was transferred to another class and Neosha Bibbs has taken her place as president.

Michael Hicks was elected vice president.

An executive committee formulated a number of rules and by-laws by which the club was governed.

The programs rendered by this club consisted chiefly of recitations, debates and composition work.

There are many evident results. The officers understand the work better, the members are not nervous, the order is not up to the standard, but better and their



GYMNASTICS BY GIRLS

minds are more talented for composition work. The one great result is that the Preparedness Literary Club members are now ready to take up their Junior literary work, and they extend their heartfelt thanks to Miss Venerable for her toilsome efforts.

NEOSHA BIBBS,
President Class '19.

FIDELITY LITERARY CLUB.

Fidelity Literary Club was organized October 9, 1916. The following pupils were elected as officers in the club for the first half term:

President—Octavia Rector.

Vice President—Chatrick Haithman.

Secretary—Opal Johnson.

Assistant Secretary—Nathaniel Griffin.

Chairman of the Program Committee—Sammie Lee Hudson.

The purpose of this club is to develop both mentally and physically, also to prepare us for both social and literary work. During the time the club was organized it was voted upon by the members that we should be governed by a constitution and by-laws.

We have rendered programs twice every month, which were very interesting.

We had a very interesting debate March 21, 1917. Subject, "Resolved, That the Negro of the South Should Come North." It was decided in favor of the affirmative side.

The order in our club is very good. Anyone speaking without addressing the president is silenced for three meetings.

The club was reorganized in February for the second half term, adding another officer to our club, namely, the Sergeant-at-arms.

During both terms the members have certainly done their duties.

We were very sorry that some of our best members dropped out of school, but we hope they will return next year.

On several occasions we have had visitors from the other classes and they always seemed to enjoy our programs. Our supervisor is Miss N. E. Venerable, who is very loyal to all members of the club, and we hope to be with her next year.

We wish to extend our thanks to the members of the Fidelity Club and we shall expect all of them back next year as sophomores.

OLLA WEBBER.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

The student life of our High School has been greatly enriched by the addition of physical training to the curriculum. This fact was fully demonstrated to the public by the excellent showing made at Convention Hall on May 11, when more than five thousand people saw over four hundred well trained pupils perform. A spirit of militarism pervaded the program when the two companies of armed Cadets went through their drills. Besides the Cadets' drill the girls went through gymnastic ex-



MISS JEANNETTE MACK

ercises with Indian clubs, dumb-bells and wands; and two costumed dances were well received.

Recognizing the fact that upon the physical condition of the body rests the efficiency of the pupil this aspect of education was made compulsory. It soon developed, however, that the enthusiasm with which physical training was received by the mass of pupils showed there was no necessity for compulsion.

The favorable results of the first year's experiment have been highly gratifying and so obvious that the most casual observer is aware of the marked improvement in the physical appearance of the general student body of Lincoln High School. It is a noticeable fact that there is less shuffling in the ordinary gait of the pupil. His step is light and springy. His head is erect and well poised. His lips are closed and chin well drawn in.

His eyes are looking ahead. His facial expression is pleasant, yet composed. His body seems to belong to an inspired soul and reflects that inspiration in step and movement. Everywhere control is evident in eye, in lip, in arm, in leg. No useless fumbling of nose and mouth with the hands, but a powerful, attractive, impressive poise of the whole being, which at once demands the respect and admiration of all mankind.

It is asserted by the faculty that the student deportment is much improved. For this new and now indispensable feature of our course of study we are indebted to the well directed energies of Principal Lee. For its success after installation, to Miss Jeanette Mack, our physical director for girls, and to Major N. Clarke Smith and Sergeant Weeks, U. S. A. for the boys.

YVETTA L. JONES.

MUSIC

ALL the qualities that good music possess can be found in the various musical organizations of Lincoln High School. Our director Maj N. Clark Smith is the owner and master of fourteen instruments.

An orchestra of fifteen pieces furnishes music for the school and some members play every morning for Chapel services. It is known throughout the city for its part in the monthly musical concerts and I must say it is remarkable how an organization as young as this one can master such as *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Traumerei*. The orchestra was heartily greeted at Sumner High School at an Oratorical Contest and this was the first time an orchestra has ever played on such an occasion. The orchestra furnished the music for the greatest exhibition ever given in Kansas City, May 11, at Convention Hall.

Lincoln High School has not only great instrumental talent, but vocal as well, which has been proved by the Glee Clubs who won for themselves a great reputation at at National Educational Association. It gave the visiting teachers some of its best music when they sang "Steal Away to Jesus," and "Make Good." The girls Glee Club has thirty members, and the boys Glee Club has twenty-four members, some members of each club furnish the music for monthly rhetoricals.

The quartette composed of Messrs. Schuppee, Smith, Boatner and Coates sang at the Federation of Womens' Clubs and there proved to the people of Kansas City which race has the greatest musical tal-

ent the red, the white or the Negro race. They sang "Make Good," "Old Black Joe" and "Steal Away to Jesus."

The National Medley, arranged by Maj. N. Clark Smith, has created more sensation than any other song sung by the entire school. This medley is composed of the national airs of countries in Europe and America. The school was invited to sing this medley at Convention Hall at a mass meeting.

On April 15, Mrs. Bacote, the instructress of Second Baptist church choir, relieved Maj. Smith of the usual monthly concert. May 6, Prof. Jackson, director of Allen Chapel choir took charge. Miss Lessie King was soloist from Second Baptist and Miss Etta G. Moten from Allen Chapel.

A new feature has been added to Lincoln High School, a band now having thirty members. At the beginning of the school term only five of these young men could play instruments and at the end there are thirty. These young men deserve credit for some of the music furnished at Convention Hall, May 11.

The Board of Education had the opportunity of seeing and hearing these splendid organizations on Board of Education Day, November 19, and after they had heard the vocal and instrumental ability of the students, they were pleased and to show their appreciation of what Maj. Smith was doing, sent two saxaphones, one base violin, one base horn and an oboe. Since military training is given the boys, two bugles have been sent for the buglers in order that the work might go on to a better advantage.



LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Lincoln High School had the pleasure of having Mr. Roland W. Hayes, the world's greatest Negro tenor, and his accompanist, Mr. Wm. L. King on March 2, at Manual Training High School, presented by the Clipper and Ivanhoe Clubs for the benefit of Lincoln High School Parent-Teachers' Association. Mr. King opened the program with Rondo Capriccioso by Mendelssohn and Mr. Hayes held the audience spell bound all through the performance. "Good Night," was one of Mr. Hayes' own compositions. Because of his great success in Kansas City, Mr. Hayes promised to return in the near future.

On May 19, the Glee Clubs combined and sang Afro-American Prayer, one of Maj. Smith's compositions, and "Steal Away to Jesus," at Polytechnic Institute to three thousand teachers and every one was pleased with the music.

In addition to the Glee Clubs, Maj. Smith has Misses Ruth Price, Gladys Jones, Juanita Campbell, Vera Patton and Messers Boatner and Coates in private lessons.
V. PATTON.

HOCH DER FLY, SIR.

If he gets into your milk,
And he messes up your silk,
Swat him and his filthy ilk;
Hoch der fly, sir.

If he bites the baby's toes
And he crawls into your nose,
Swat him with some healthy blows;
Hoch der fly, sir.

If he poisons all your bread
Soak him one upon the head,
For he's better off when dead;
Hoch der fly, sir.

If you swat one little fly
Umteen trillion in him die,
Swat them 'fore they multiply;
Hoch der fly, sir.

Verbum sat sapienti; please
Swat the bearer of disease
Let not one fly live to sneeze, but
Hoch der fly, sir.

BUNKER BEAN, '16.

L. H. S. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

FOR the last two months the Lincoln High School Association has been having some very enthusiastic and encouraging meetings, thanks to the principal of our school, who brought us together to plan an Alumni Day during Commencement week. Prof. Lee is especially desirous of having as many of the graduates as possible visit the school on that day, Wednesday, June 6, and attend the program that night. This year the annual sermon to the graduating class is to be at the Ebenezer A. M. E. church, Sunday morning, June 3, at which time it is hoped that the alumni of the school may be present in a body. These two gatherings are only preliminary, however, to the reunion of all the classes from the beginning of the school's history up to and including, the class of 1907 on Commencement night. On this occasion the Reverend Chas. Williams, '92, pastor of an A. M. E. church in Denver, Colo., will be the Alumni speaker.

The following group of officers has been chosen by the association for the ensuing fiscal year: Prof. Wm. Griffin, '92, president; Mrs. Birdie Pierce Neal, '00, vice president; Miss Callie Williams, '07, secretary; Miss Gertrude Baker, '14, assistant secretary; Mrs. Estelle Christian Morris, '05, treasurer; Miss Etheline Wilson, '07, critic; Miss Neosha Venerable, '09, reporter, and Mrs. Anna Colbert Smith, '00, chairman of the executive committee.

Our new president hopes to follow a definite plan with three purposes in view: First, to have the association mean a great deal socially to its members; second, to give each year a suitable sum of money to the graduating pupil who has received the highest credit throughout his high school course; and third, to form the association into a kind of lyceum which shall bring to our city noted men and women of our race, who have become artists in their professions.

The officers and members, with the principal of our school, want the Association to become a real, live, wide awake and permanent organization, so that each coming graduate may be eagerly expectant of the time when he or she may take

an active part. Not only this—the officers of the Association, the principal and faculty of the High School, and the students are particularly desirous of having each member of the Association become a subscriber to the Lincolnian, the school publication. While this paper is good, it should be made bigger, better and more worthy of its name.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Judith Simms, '10, has been making an excellent substitute in this city for he last two years.

Several of our graduates are successful teachers in Oklahoma: Miss Sarah Bailey, '99; Mrs. Edna Herndon Lee, '09, at Edna; Miss Genevieve Wilson, '13, at Chickasha; Miss Cozetta Kingsberry, '12, at Sapulpa; Mr. Launie Brooks, '11, a principal at Muskogee.

Miss Anne Crosthwait, '07 is still doing creditable work as an instructor of English and Mathematics in Sumner High School, St. Louis, Mo. We may well feel proud of her brothers also, for D. N. Crosthwait, Jr., '09, has been one of the most trusted and trustworthy clerks in the employ of the Dunham Heating and Electrical Plant at Marshalltown, Iowa, since his graduation from Purdue in '19; while Dr. P. V. Crosthwait is carrying on a thriving dentistry business in Chicago. It is whispered that the wedding bells are soon to ring for the latter.

Among the graduates who are teaching in our city are Mrs. Ida B. Gladney, '92, Bruce School; Prof. Wm. Griffin, '92, principal of Booker T. Washington School; Miss Ida Railey, '92, Garrison; Miss Amelia Hunt, '97, Attucks; Mrs. Mayme B. Webster, '00, Attucks; Mr. Dallas Foster, '00, instructor of Gas Engine at Lincoln High; Edw. B. Thompson, '01, Mathematics and History, Lincoln High; Misses Viola Chapman, '06, Garrison; Callie Williams, '07, Douglass; Grace Newman, '09, instructor of Domestic Science and Art, Wendell Phillips; Neosha E. Venerable, '09, instructor of English and German, Lincoln High; Catherine Washington, '08, Douglass; Annie Collier, '11, Douglass; Florence Baker, '11, Domestic Science and Art, Lincoln High;

Edith Richard, '12, Garrison; Gertrude Wheeler, '11, substitute; and Mr. Grant Moore, '10, Manual Training, Wendell Phillips.

Mrs. Claudia Jenkins Wiseman, '10, is now living in Oklahoma City, where her husband is pastor of the A. M. E. church.

Gleason Fowler, '02, is enjoying a lucrative practice in law at Oakland, Cal.

Rev. H. Mansfield Collins, '02, is an A. M. E. pastor in Tacoma, Washington.

During the time that Mr. Raymond Knox, '02, has been in the mail service, he has purchased two beautiful homes in this city, making himself an example well worth following.

Miss Etheline Wilson, '07, has held successfully the position as librarian at the Garrison Field House for three years. Her friend, Miss Alberta Wells, '07, is doing well as the stenographer at the Paseo Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Lorana Richardson Greene, '07, has moved to Chicago, where her husband, Wendell Greene, '03, is in the mail service.

Messrs Hugh Jones, '07, and James Williams, '09, are doing much toward winning for our people more respect and confidence from the other races by their efficient service in the elevator system at the John Taylor Dry Goods store of this city.

Mrs. Willa Bigby, '97, has certainly won a place in many hearts through her kindness and attention as matron of our high school.

Mr. John Rouce, '99, and Miss Lydia Lockridge, '99, who was formerly a teacher in Kansas, have married and are now living in Oklahoma, where Mr. Rouce is teaching.

Mr. John Mitchell, '07, is a successful mail clerk of this city.

Roscoe Blake, '15, and Edgar Unthank, '16, have just finished a satisfactory year's work at Lincoln University, Pa.

Hobart Reece, '15, is completing his second year's work at Howard university.

Bertha Carter, '16, was compelled to return home before the end of the year on account of illness. She was attending Fisk. Robert Adams, who has also been at Fisk, is reported to have done very well there.

Misses Ashley Hawkins, '13, Marion Brown, '15, Irma Frazier, '16, Marie Moore, '16, Doris Novel, '16, and Messrs Earl and Melvin Fowler, '16 and '15, are in attend-

ance this year at the University of Kansas. Miss Novel won honor for herself and school by being the first colored student to play on a recital in many years.

Mrs. Blanche Yancy Mason, '12, who has been living in Minneapolis, Minn., is making an extended visit with relatives and friends in this city.

Mr. Alonzo Smith, '97, is the junior member of a real estate and insurance business in Kansas City.

Miss Inez Woods, '99, is one of the few colored teachers in this country, who instruct white children. She holds a position in the Cleveland schools.

Mr. Woody Jacobs is principal of one of the ward schools in Kansas City, Kansas.

Misses Sophia and Delia Boaz, '07 and '10, are in the settlement work in Chicago.

Mrs. Inez Page Chinn, formerly the competent clerk at our high school is now married and at home in this city.

Mr. Edgar Irving, '12, is giving efficient service as a janitor at the high school.

Miss Stella Ruth Williams, '15, finishes the normal course at Jefferson City this year. Miss Mattie Revis, '14, is specializing at the same institute in music.

De Norval Unthank, '16, finishes his first year college course preparatory to entering the School of Medicine. Roland Bruce, '16, has made a splendid record for himself at the same school, Michigan University.

Misses Ethel Hunter, '14; Lucille Watson, '16, and Beatrice Donnelly, '16, are attending the State Normal School at Emporia.

Misses Louise Unthank, '16 and Lena O'Neal, '16, are at the Kansas State Agricultural School, Manhattan.

Mrs. Alberta Collins, '14, is making a skillful stenographer and bookkeeper in the office of the Square deal Realty and Investment company.

Mrs. Mamie Buckner Moore, '11, with her husband, a young physician, is building a practice worthy of envy in Hopkinsville, Tenn.

Misses Melody Tomlin, '14, and Grace Middleton, '13, are ushers in the Shubert theater here. Miss Christina Redd, '15, is the head usher there.

Miss Mazie Diggs, '16, is in school at Wilberforce. Miss Alberta White, '16, is completing her first year at the Kansas university.

Mr. J. H. Renfro, '01, is engaged in truck gardening with his father-in-law at Columbia, Mo.

George Martin, '01; Joshua Rice, '07, and W. C. Williams, '92, are successful pastors in their respective denominations and fill important appointments.

BEAN'S BICKERINGS.

By Bunker Bean, '16.

OUR BETTER TIMES.

1.

Eggs once sold for fifteen cents
But now they're forty-five;
I wonder how one buys a case
And still remains alive?
Horse feed's gone up also;
We pay double for our hay,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

2.

Prunes are up two cents a wrinkle
Spaghetti a cent an inch
If corn goes up, sans cornbread
We'll starve and it's a cinch.
Castor oil is soaring high
So high I hope 'twill stay,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

3.

Gasoline is aviating
In a biplane called the "Trust"
And if it goes up any higher
My benzine bug will rust.
It costs just twice as much now
To see a movie play,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

4.

The staff of life is in the air
It went from five to seven
And at the rate it's going now
The next stop will be heaven.
The next in line is Old King Coal
In winter he holds sway,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

5.

In summer, when the days are hot
And you're about to melt
The ice king comes along to stuff

His pockets with your geld;
You're not allowed to say a word
For there isn't a word to say,
It's no use to sing the blues
Don't times get better day by day?

6.

The butcher man is full of smiles
But then that is no sin
With steak at thirty cents a pound
He has a right to grin.
Domestic fowls have gone up so
I think I'll dine on blue jay,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

7.

Shoes and clothing fall in line
For they early got the habit
The speed they show, when on the jump
Would shame the fleet jack rabbit.
The insignificant collar
Is fifteen straight, they say,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

8.

'Tis the same old song, as time rolls
along,
Of our country's prosperity;
But everything above the clouds
It's bon noir our posterity.
I hope to see things loosen up
When years have passed away,
But why should common people care
Don't times get better day by day?

BUNKER BEAN, '16.

GOSSIP IN THE GARDEN.

If the bees ate honey to make them sick,
would you cauli-flower?

If you should break the buttercup would
the butter fly?

The lily and the butter fly had a secret
and the blue bell tolled.

"At what age are you the sweetest," the
radish asked the onion. "Spinach," replied
the onion.

"I wonder what kisses are made with,"
said the pansy. "Tulips," remarked the
rose.

Said the gardener, "Who will make me
a good dinner?" "Lettuce," said the pease,
and the cabbage hung its head and said,
"I'm beet."

HENRIETTA HAWKINS, '19.



FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL.

Lincoln High is getting more interest in football every year. The boys are always ready to get on the field for a good hard workout. Mr. Westmoreland, our coach, who has always been ready to keep the boys at any sport they started, was eager to help them. We did not have a manager as we did last year, but the business was carried on by different boys of the team.

The team began to train as soon as school started, although the training was hard because some of the boys had never played the game before and the coach had to start at the very first part of the game and teach everybody all the game.

The next task of the coach was to pick the team, for there was a large number of boys at every practice and all the boys were not large and strong enough to make the team. Our coach picked as follows: James Pryor, captain and right half; Thayerman Hayes, left half; Earl Winfrey, full; Michael Hicks and Vassal Toibert, ends;

Leonard Fields and Davis Blackstone, tackles; Dennis Woodard, Floyd Steinmetz and William Jones, guards; Walter Page, center; Robert McKay, quarter, and Noble Jone, Orlando Brown and Chauncey Smith, substitutes.

Mr. Westmoreland was helped this year by Mr. Hardy of the Paseo Y. M. C. A. Although not a member of our school, he was out about every day with Mr. Westmoreland, giving his time to help old Lincoln have a fine team, and I think that every boy of the team, and not only the team but every child of the school should be thankful to Mr. Hardy for giving his time to help develop our team.

Our first game was with Liberty Y. M. C. A. team at Liberty, Mo., after a few weeks' practice. We all left school at 11:45 and after a very pleasant journey we arrived in Liberty at 12:30, where we were met by the Liberty team and escorted to the place we were to call home for the few hours we were to stay. We then dressed and at about 2:45 started to the football field.

The game was started at 3:15 and the kickoff was awarded Liberty. The ball was received by Hayes who was downed on the 30-yard line. Liberty then lost a man because of spikes on his shoes. Liberty next worked a successful forward pass and tore through our safety for the first touchdown, but they failed to kick goal and the score was now 6-0. Liberty again kicked off and Lincoln carried the ball to the 45-yard line. We then made a successful forward pass and gained 30 yards. Time was then called, for we had a man hurt and also the first quarter was over.

During the next quarter the game was sort of dull and free from spectacular plays until the half of Liberty again tore through for the second touchdown and failed to kick goal, and the score was 12-0. Next Talbert was knocked unconscious. He was soon up, however, and back in the game, and the second quarter ended with the score 19-0 in Liberty's favor.

But little happened during the next half but Liberty made another touchdown, making them win 25 to 0.

We must say if it had not been for the fine work of Talbert and William Jones we could not have made as good showing as we did. Pryor must also be commended for his wonderful headwork as a captain.

Our next game was with Western University. This was one of the hardest, if not the hardest game. W. U. has ever had from Lincoln. The two teams played hard for the first two quarters with no one scoring, but the third quarter came with one touchdown and a score of 6-0.

In the last part of the fourth quarter Lincoln carried the ball to W. U.'s five-yard line, then Earl Winfrey carried it within four yards of the goal and Pryor carried it within one foot of goal and it was the fourth down and the last part of the fourth quarter. McKay tried to carry the pigskin across W. U.'s line but failed and the game ended with W. U. 6 and Lincoln 0.

We then played W. U. a practice game a few weeks later which was not put into the record of either school for the year.

Our last game was with Bartlett High School of St. Joe on Thanksgiving day. The team under the direction of Mr. Westmoreland left Kansas City at 10 a. m. for

St. Joe by the way of the interurban, arriving in St. Joe about 12:10.

We were met at the depot by the coach of the rival team and taken to dinner, which was served in the lunch room of Bartlett High.

We then retired to the dressing room and changed our clothes and started to the park.

We arrived at the field about 2:30 and started to warming up, and at 3 the game was called.

The game was a good one, with both sides about evenly matched, the odds, being slightly in our favor. We started the game with all of their officials. Naturally we had to beat team, referee and umpire. Nevertheless we came out victorious and won 13-0.

The first touchdown was made by Talbert with the assistance of Mike Hicks in a criss-cross play, leaving the St. Joe boys all upset.

The second score was made from a long forward pass. There were several other scores made but the officials would not give them to us.

A dance was given for us that night in St. Joe at which the boys had a fine time, but St. Joe with its nice times was not like old Kansas City, so at 11:15 we boarded the car for old K. C. and slept all the way back home. Mr. Westmoreland and Mr. Hardy had worked hard and earnestly with us, but with new boys and a light team our progress was not very fast. However, the students and teachers thought they had done excellently with the material that they had and all are wishing and looking for a fine team next year.

JAMES W. PRYOR.

BASEBALL.

Look! Look! Look! All lovers of baseball! Old Lincoln is at it again. The club elected James Pryor captain, Mr. Steward manager and Mr. Westmoreland, coach. After two weeks of hard and constant practice a game was arranged with Sumner High School of Kansas City, Kas. On April 20, at the appointed time, it was dark and gloomy, and looked as if the game would be called off on account of rain. About 4 o'clock the game was called. It was a see-saw affair until the first half of the fifth when with one out H. Bled-



BASEBALL TEAM

soe singled, stole second and went to third on a sacrifice by V. Talbert and came home on a double by L. Burns. Lincoln's second run came in the seventh when R. Davis doubled and stole third, and finally stole home. Sumner's only run was a fluke. It came in the last half of the ninth when with a man stationed off second and third, Pryor threw to short to catch the man on second napping and the man on third raced home, but Burns settled down and that was all. When old Lincoln took the field for practice Sumner looked at our outfield, with F. Duncan, M. Hicks and R. Davis taking their respective posts, they thought there was a possible chance of winning, but when they looked at our infield, with H. Bledsoe, third base; C. Smith, shortstop; O. Brown, second base, and V. Talbert, first base, they began to think, and when the battery was announced, L. Burns and Pryor, they knew that was all, because Burns pitched a no-hit game. The game was also featured by the hitting of R. Davis and W. Pryor, each procuring a double.

SUMNER—	R.	H.	E.
Childs, rf.	0	0	0
Walker, 2b	0	0	0
Brown, 3b	0	0	0
Nichols, ss	1	0	1
Higgins, cf	0	0	0
Swanson, lf	0	0	0
Taylor, c	0	0	0
Reynold, p	0	0	1
	—	—	—
	1	0	1

LINCOLN—	R.	H.	E.
Hicks, cf.	0	0	0
Duncan, rf.	0	0	0
Davis, lf.	1	2	0
Pryor, c.	0	1	0
Smith, ss.	0	0	0
Bledsoe, 3b	1	1	0
Tolbert, 1b	0	0	0
Burns, p.	0	1	0
Brown, 2b	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	2	5	0

Stolen Bases—Bledsoe, Pryor, Tolbert, Davis 2, and Burns; two base hits—Pryor and Davis. Double play—Tolbert unassisted.

THE CABIN'S VICTIM

By **Melvin Beaunorus Tolson.**

O cabin of the vale,
 What ghosts thy chambers bare!
 Let one repeat thy tale,
 Thy story of despair.
 If souls are stirred when gory sights are
 seen,
 My blood was chilled on that wild night,
 I ween.

Not long since, while wandering in a distant part of our Southern Paradise, my strong propensity for roaming carried me into a region remote from the scenes of modern activities. I had just climbed the northern heights of one of those rugged promontories, that are peculiar to that country, and had found myself about dusk descending a narrow serpentine path that led to the vale below. From that gently sloping eminence I beheld a scene of wild and singular beauty. To the south lay the sea, its herculean waves charging the craggy cliffs and sand-laden, rock-strewn shore, only to retreat, baffled, to the deep; to the east and west lay a region of shrubbery—verdant and sombre; above me giant trees—the oak and mountain pine—towered in melancholy majesty. The cool-breathed wind of the sea was in my nostrils and the incessant booming of the waters among the rocks filled my very soul with a weird feeling of the magnitude of Nature's God and the magniloquence of his speech. For a moment, in ecstasy, I stood gazing seaward; then shaking off the lethargic spell that pervaded my spirit, I proceeded on my journey.

The evening sun had sunk into the azure shadows of the west and the August king of night had come out. All nature was in harmony. My last pensive thought was dissipated and, with a heart as light as the sea-breeze, I followed the trail with spirited feet. In this wise I progressed a goodly way. Then suddenly there was an abrupt turn in the path. It wound, as I imagined, on the border of a precipitous declivity. At this point a promiscuous growth of shrubbery and mountain-brush intervened between the trail and myself. My view was entirely cut off and for a moment I was

dubious concerning the course I should follow.

While sauntering forward undecidedly, harsh, ill-sounding voices caused me to stop dead-still in my tracks. A huge shadowy bird arose in the same direction and swooped down the verdured slope, with ominous and wild cries. I had thought myself alone in this solitary waste, but this misconception was put to flight. Immediately my fecund imagination was wafted to the skies and my soul filled with forebodings. Perhaps it was my mental state at the time, for I can give no other reason. I whirled on my heels abruptly, and by that strange instinct of man to seek safety when frightened, stepped from the trail into the neighboring brushes.

There I lay, my heart in my throat. Hours passed, as it were, into the abyss of time. I strained my ear to the utmost, but could hear naught, save a few murmurings, a curse somewhat louder between them; then all was silent. Finally came the distinct tramp of heavy feet, which told me that my uninvited and boisterous companions were nearing.

They made the turn in the trail, on the very verge of the precipice and came into full view. There they were, two of them, walking in the true Indian fashion—single file. The foremost was a giant of a man; broad and deep-chested, with a hard, weather-beaten face and swaggering gait like a lark under a veering breeze. The other was a short, solid-built fellow, unkempt, dirty-visaged, with a lewd repulsive countenance and split upper-lip. Both were dressed in a half sailor and half civilian style. They sauntered idly along, but I noticed that they cast furtive glances behind them—as one pursued or in mental unrest. The smaller fellow seemed to

be somewhat excited. An earnest conversation was going on and I tried to fathom the nautical diction they used.

"Bill"—the other seemed to be preoccupied. "Bill, Bill," he repeated, "was the sea clear?" There was an anxious note in that high, piping voice.

"Clear as a whistle," laughed the giant, in tones grating and deep-sounding, then he added: "Split-lip, I don't guess he'll feed on the little fish any more. Evah dawg has his day: he had his, now we'll have ours."

"Perhaps on the top-mast," said the other reflectively.

"Say ol' scout, comrade o' mine,"—and the giant gave that wild malicious laugh that was almost a roar, "you are as pious as a jack-legged parson that shipped aboard the Dare Devil. Cheer up! Remember what Big Bill says: the sea was clear."

"I don't know what makes it," rejoined Split-lip, "but somehow I feel evil eyes a-watchin' us; I've always been instinctive."

"Imagination, that's all,"—ostensibly Big Bill became more light of heart and added a bit of his own philosophy. "Split-lip, 't ain't no use a-wearyin' afore trouble bears with the wind. says I, and you know I'm about as sensitive as the next one when there's a veerin' breeze! Ol' Jim Darin', the finest ol' sea-salt that evah walked a deck, used to say, 'dead men tell no tales,' and I b'lieve he was right."

"That's a broad side o' truth, Bill, but I was jest a-wonderin' if any body might a-caught the breeze. I b'lieve in bein' cautious. You know there's more'n one way to git a good man besides 'walkin' the plank,' says I."

"You're right on that, 'cause ol' Jim Darin' was rammed hisself and evahbody said that that gent'l'man o' adventure wou'd have his bones a-rottin' in the sea. But there's one thing shore, ol' Big Bill 'll go down as bravely as Jim Darin' did, when that rebellious crew o' the Dare Devil, led by the accursed Jap, forced him into the hull and blowed him through a hundred times. You and me was the only ones that didn't turn against the ol' boy on that never-to-be-forgotten night, when we lay to the breeze undah the tropic moon. The heart o' many a villian felt the sting of the loud-barkin' and deep-bitin' dawg,"—he felt the huge pistol at his side affectionately. "We's been friends many a yeah, ain't we?"

"You're right! By the moulerin' bones o' ol' Jim Darin' you're right."

The giant wheeled about and grasped the other's hand. There was a pause.

"Through tempest and sunshine we'll be friends," said Split-lip.

"Through tempest and sunshine we'll be friends," repeated Big Bill.

I had lain in the bushes all the while listening to the crude parlance and now, as the two ascended the rugged slope and disappeared in the gathering gloom, I arose stealthily from my cramped position. In fact, so absorbed had I been in the conversation that I had forgotten all personal danger, being of an itinerant, excitable temperament, which is easily aroused by a touch of the extraordinary. For a moment I waited, then hearing no intimation of the proximity of the boon companions, I strode onward.

Readily my mind became active. Fabulous tales I had heard of smugglers and pirates, on the wild waste of southern seas and the rugged coast of the Spanish Main, coursed and recoured through my perturbed brain; I tried all the deductive systems I could recall, but none fitted this particular case. Though in my years of laborious research, Egyptology, the mystic heiroglyphics of the Chinese, the organic and philosophic works of Marcus de Deaunastus, the Arabic and Moorish symbols and many involved cosmic sciences, had led me into numerous intricate situations 'tis true—yet, after all I had fairly succeeded. But here was an enigma indeed. With my mind absorbed in a train of pensive and ever-transient thoughts I sauntered, or rather, stumbled toward the vale below.

I cannot give the amount of time spent nor the distance traversed in this wise, for I was in an absent-minded condition. Presently my mind became clear and even now, I can see that savage wilderness of sand, rock and shrubbery, as well as if it were but yesternight. The valley stretched away into opacity. Even the ruddy-faced moon could not dispell the gloomy and melancholy aspect of nature. Huge boulders stood dark and ghostly, silhouetted against the pale skyline; an owl moped among the distant hills and the booming breakers wailed among the declivities on the shore. Again that weird, uncanny feeling took possession of my soul and heavier weighed the portmanteau on my back. For the first

time I felt fatigued and sleepy.

I had spent many a night in the solitudes of nature, therefore I was not uneasy concerning a resting place. While sauntering along looking for a suitable spot to sleep upon, in the gathering shadows, to the left some two hundred yards, I spied an ebony-colored shieling situated among a few sage bushes. Thinking a good bed and supper preferable after all, I turned my steps thither. With a pain at heart, on closer observation I perceived no signs of the occupants, whoever they were. The old log cabin was in a dilapidated condition; the chimney leaned drunkenly to one side and part of it lay scattered on the ground. The huge oak door hung on one large hinge, screaming dismally, as swayed by the ocean breeze; the unhewn walls were dry from the tropic sun and in soothe, all was congruous with the sterile surroundings.

I looked within, stirred by a superstitious awe and a severe trembling in the knees. Under such circumstances the audacious are made to feel dismally strange. First I poked my head in the door and then I entered. A gloomy darkness reigned, save where the moon shone through an opening in the decayed roof. Groping my way aimlessly, I stumbled toward the light, my foot having struck something—something which made me shake as one with ague. Glancing downward for an instant, with a cry of dismay mingled with terror, I fell backwards, my soul overwhelmed.

There in the cold gray light of the moon lay a man, his face upturned and his glassy eyes burning into my bosom's core. O, God! can I forget that wild and repulsive physiognomy, distorted by the pangs of a horrible death and furrowed by the tribulations and dissipation of years! The blood cozed from out the shut teeth; that low brow of the ape, the bull neck together with the hairy chest and huge hand that clutched the handle of the blood-stained dirk buried to the hilt in his bosom, bespoke the physical endurance of the victim. I gave another cry of terror, for I imagined a groan escaped those purple and copious lips. I listened attentively for the sequel, but all was silent, save a sibilant snake somewhere aloft and the melancholy owl among the hills—there, with the moonlit shades plying on his distorted visage, lay the stranger, sedate as the tomb, his hair disheveled—tinged with a silvery gray,

and his body drawn up convulsively. Who knows the agony of a horrible death!

After the first train of excitement had passed, I collected my vagrant thoughts. Slowly a well-formed string of happenings assumed a somewhat natural order and I saw that the conversation had been misleading. Obviously—from a certain statement in the parlance—my intrusion had been suspicioned and the story told to deter. There was a possibility. An occurrence that happened immediately put an end to my surmises.

As I backed out the door a man threw me with such velocity and force on the threshold that instantaneously the world became chaos and I oblivious.

: : : :

I awoke with a jerk and looked about the small room I was in. My head ached vehemently and for a moment I wondered where I might be. A damp towel lay on my forehead and a comely girlish face bent over me, radiant and assuring. An old woman sat near the fireplace knitting, while my nostrils dilated with the scent of savoury food.

"What does this mean?" said I raising myself on one arm.

"It means," laughed the girl with sparkling black eyes, "that Big Bill and Split-lip almost got away with you."

My dumb mind introspected, but I was so weak I could not sit up.

The old woman had come to the bedside, her benign countenance shining upon me like the good angel she was.

"Did they get the murderers, then?" I asked weakly.

"Did they," repeated the old woman, "you can go down some o' these days an' see 'em make recompense feer their sins."

Then she told me all about the nefarious individuals and the killing of the victim. Joshua Dustan, outlawed seaman, slave-trader and everything but the right thing.

"Baby prob'ly saved your life, sir," she added, looking towards her erubescant daughter.

"Oh, you don't say so!" laughed I, "and I owe my life to your good service."

"Yes, I happened to be strolling out that way and found you lying in the doorway of the haunted cabin. I came back and told Ma and Pa, and Pa went after you, while Ma had a fit."

The old lady wiped her glasses and

smiled, while we all piped heartily. At this moment the old man, an inveterate fisherman strode in. At sight of my vivacity he crossed the room and extended his large hand.

"Young man," said he, "I'm certainly

glad to see ye on th' road to health. You's a sturdy lookin' fellah any way."

"Thank you, thank you!—"

"Baby saved your life," he roared, casting a mischievous glance at his daughter.

"That's what I hear," and I murmured to myself, "Deo gratias for such as she."

IN MEMORIAM.

Henry Blanchard, '20.
Truette Logan, '19.
Joseph Walls, '19.
Florence Smith, '18.
Helen Clasley, '18.
Herman Kincade, '08.

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